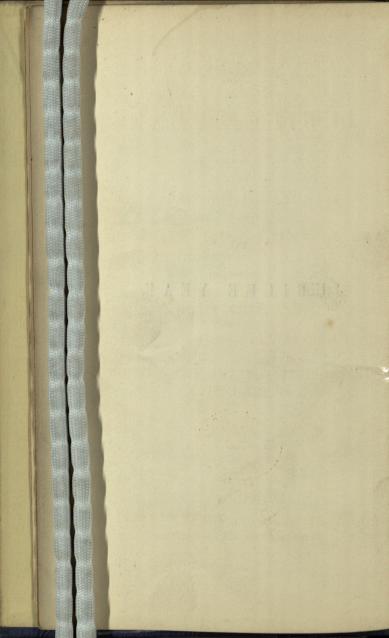


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THE

JUBILEE YEAR.



JUBILEE YEAR:

" VERSES FOR 1851."

AND SEVERAL ADDITIONAL POEMS,

IN COMMEMORATION OF

The Third Inbilee

OF

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.



LONDON:

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE present collection of Poems is one of a series of publications, designed to commemorate the Third Jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

It is the contributions of friends, of whom the Society may well be proud, to a cause which most of them have zealously promoted by other means. In this enlarged Edition, their names — with one principal exception, where the initials sufficiently indicate the Authoress, to whom the Church at large is under many previous obligations—are printed in the table of Contents. The Editor has gladly availed himself

of the consent of the writers to this acknowledgment of their services, as the best mode of disclaiming the credit of authorship, which in some instances was ascribed to himself. He feels himself sufficiently honoured in having been requested to undertake the collection; and still more in the ready assistance which has been afforded to him, by so many kind and gifted friends.

ERNEST HAWKINS.

79, PALL MALL,

May 1852.

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VERSES FOR 1851.

JUNE 16, 1851.

THE OPENING DAY OF THE THIRD JUBILEE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

O, 'TIS an emblem faint of better days,

(Those days for which the breast now pines so

sore!)

When the full heart will spend itself in praise, And all this weary striving will be o'er:

And souls, fast anchor'd to the quiet shore

Which girds the Sea of Glass, will calmly rest!...

The joy of "Kingdom come,"—for evermore

By Saints, by Angels, and by Men confess'd,—

That joy begins to-day in every brother's breast.

And sure the white-wing'd Angels share our mirth!

For to its purchase went no bitter tear:

No sigh was sent up from the suffering earth

To where they dwell; but from that nobler sphere

Their eyes approved of what they looked on here.

They saw the palm-branch borne beyond the wave,

And heard the accents which in Heav'n are dear,

Creed and Te Deum, rise by rock and cave,

'Till men confess'd their power to solace and to save.

I said, no tears,—but those perchance there were;

For who e'er turn'd upon the hill, and scann'd For the last time the home he deem'd so fair, And saw the landscape at his feet expand

Each well-known feature,—but on either hand Cast tearful eyes? and vow'd that "Life could bring No scene like that!"

Since then, in some far land He makes his dwelling in a haunt where Spring Shakes beauty all the year from off her purple wing, But the true heart points home!...The cherish'd name

Sails with him half way round the globe, and then

His few log-cabins bear the very same,

Down by the lake: (O sweetest music when

He hears it spoken by the lips of men,—

New-Ashprington!)—Let but a Church arise,

And now he dreams himself at home again:

For so the spire which bless'd his boyish eyes

Soar'd, with its silver bell, into the summer skies.

O gallant hearts—who in such sort can make
A home and happiness where'er ye go!
On the bare brim of some unheard-of lake;
Or in the forest, where the rivers flow,
Smitten with frenzy, till they dash below!—
Do not your spirits ever and anon
Droop, and the flame within burn faint and low,
As the slow years drag uneventful on,
And life seems wearing out, and yet so little done?

It must be so!—yea, most of all must ye
Who bear the Ark of God with faithful hand,
Know what a lonely thing it is to be
A lonely being in a foreign land.
The lamp must needs be often fed and fann'd
With airs from Heav'n, or it will droop and die;
And lofty purpose ebbs away like sand
In Time's old glass,—and aspirations high,
Like birds far out at sea, at last forget to fly!

Ah, yet be sure that in our English Isle
A thousand thousand hearts to yours beat true:
Ache with your pain—are weary with your
toil—

Feel for the grief which yet they never knew—And on this day are every one with you!...

Smile to us back across the Atlantic main!

Guard the Deposit well, until the few

Years of unrest run out which yet remain;

And when the Morning breaks we all shall meet again.

TWO CENTURIES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

A JUBILEE ODE FOR 1851.

I.

Remember, Lord, that dreadful day
When Prince and Primate martyr'd lay,
Two hundred years ago!
Rose not one old familiar prayer,
But choir was mute, and altar bare,
And strangers mock'd our woe:
Banners for tokens did they raise,
Where rose the Church's hymns of praise:
They deem'd her dead; so dark the gloom,
Her lamp but lighted one lone room.*

 $^{^{\}ast}$ The Chapel of King Charles's Ambassador at Paris. See Evelyn's Diary.

II.

But, fifty years—and, as before,
How glorious stood that Church once more,
With altars undefil'd!
Yet, not alone her ancient hold
Content to make a narrow fold,
She claim'd the desert wild.
Near and afar her children went;
So far thy servants, Lord, she sent,
To right and left inspired to break,
With lengthen'd cord, and strengthen'd stake.

III.

Again, 'tis fifty years, and lo!

How small the seeds, and yet they grow,

Mid changing rain and shine;

The reaper's joy is ours beside,

But still Thy name be glorified,

The harvest, Lord, is thine.

Along the broad Atlantic's strand,

Their feet upon the mountains stand;

The feet of them that publish peace,

That bring salvation and release.

IV.

'Tis fifty years—oh! Lord of Hosts,

And nations on their thousand coasts

Still stretch to Thee their hands.

Yet glows the Apostolic flame

On shores of long-benighted name,

And streams to distant lands.

The Hindoo's and the Negro's brow

Are seal'd with cleansing waters now;

And they that mock'd her stand amazed,

So high that dying spark has blazed!

V.

Again it is our Jubilee!

Spreads over continent and sea

The swell of grateful song;

From torrid and from frozen land,
It breaks to far Australia's strand,
And rolls the isles along.
Not unto us, O Lord our Gon!
Not unto us the praise and laud;
Thine are the strains Thy courts that fill,
Of peace on earth, to men good-will!

VI.

Such was the hymn, not heard aloud,
That rose when hearts and heads were bow'd,
And bended every knee,
That royal fane and old within,
Where mighty kings their reigns begin,
Where oped our Jubilee.
The Psalter, fragrant with the strain,*
Went up, that morning, not in vain;
And lo! the Gospel Lesson show'd
The Charter that our God bestowed.

^{*} Psalms for Day 16th. Morning Prayer. † Second Lesson. Morning Prayer, June 16.

VII.

Church of my sires, one pilgrim's prayer
That day rose high and fervent there,
That He whose sleepless eye
Hath, o'er thy strange, mysterious past,
Been ever, as a Father's, cast,
May still be ever nigh;
From lurking woe, and seeming weal,
To guard thee safe, thy wounds to heal,
And for the world, far more than thee,
With mighty arm thy God to be.

THE

FIRST MISSIONARIES IN AMERICA.*

"Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours."

JOHN iv. 38.

Too long the soldiers of the Cross

Had laid their armour by;

No more their sacred symbol gleam'd,

The sign of victory.

No more were champions of the Faith
On Christian conquest bent;
The lamp of Truth so dimly burn'd,
Its oil seem'd almost spent:

^{*} The first Missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Rev. George Keith, the Rev. Patrick Gordon, and the Rev. John Talbot, embarked for Boston in April, 1702.

Unheeded was the Exile's prayer,

The Heathen's plaintive cry—
A careless Church still slumber'd on,

Nor help—nor hope was nigh.

At last, by Apostolic hands*

Christ's banner was unfurl'd,

Bearing the long-forgotten scroll—

"Go,—preach to all the world."

And few there were—a faithful few—God's witnesses below,

Prepared to follow Christ on earth,

Where'er He led—to go.

Forsaking all—friends, kindred, home—
They cross'd the Western deep,
Christ's heralds to prepare His way,
And fold His wandering sheep:

^{*} Archbishop Tenison and Bishop Compton, acting in concert with Dr. Bray, have a just claim to be called the founders of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

They obtained the Charter from King William III. in 1701.

Ambassadors to bond and free,
Rude settler—Indian wild—
Sent, to reclaim the Hunter chief,
And teach the Negro child.

Unfriended in that wide New World
Their lonely path they traced,
Along the bleak Atlantic shore,
Across the inland waste.

They bore the pilgrim staff, where now
Is held the pastoral rod;
Alone to plant and water, their's—
The increase was of God.

They in the morning sow'd their seed,
And days and years have pass'd;
And fruit, a hundred-fold, has crown'd
The harvest time at last.

Across the central mountain ridge,

Down from Missouri's source,

The Church, refresh'd with heavenly dew,

Runs on her giant course;—

And spreading still from sea to sea,
As spreads the mother tongue,
Her English Litanies are said,
And English Anthems sung.

To Him Who from the least of seeds

The sheltering tree can raise,

Who makes the barren wild to bloom,

To Him be all the Praise!

O God of Hosts, Whose Spirit sent
Those early preachers forth,
Speed Thou Thy Word from East to West,
Speed it from South to North.

Uphold Thy warriors' hands until

The victory be won;

And This world's kingdoms are become

The kingdoms of Thy Son!

EMIGRANTS AND SETTLERS.

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill: yea, my flock was scattered upon all the face of the earth, and none did search or seek after them."—Ezek. xxxiv. 6.

The children of our Father-land
Are roaming far and wide,
Along Ontario's lonely strand,
By wild Waikato's tide.

O'er southern Afric's burning sod, Through ice-bound Labrador, They wander in the face of God, But hear His voice no more.

Their souls, for want of all things good,
Within them faint and die;
Across the hills, across the flood,
They cry a bitter cry:

- "We've knelt with you beside the shrine,
 We've breathed the self-same vow,
 The same sweet Mother set the sign
 Upon our infant brow.
- "For us no more the pastoral strain,

 No more the anthem swells,

 And we should scarcely know again

 The sound of Sunday bells.
- "The words of pardon reach us not;
 No heavenly food we taste;
 And Christians, with the heathen's lot,
 We wander through the waste.
- "Oh hear us calling, south and north,
 By hill, and stream, and rock;
 Send ye the faithful shepherd forth,
 To fold his Master's flock.
- "And let the Church that first did bless,—
 The Mother of our youth,—
 Go with us through the wilderness,
 And hold the lamp of truth.

- "And let her words, so sweet and strong,
 In the old measure flow,
 Lest we forget the cradle song
 That lull'd us long ago.
- "Lest in the time that's far away,

 Estranged in heart and word,

 Your children, to our children, say,

 'Ye serve another Lord.'
- "High temples through your land are piled,
 God's Presence dwells with you;
 Build us an altar in the wild,
 That we may serve Him too.
- "Bear on, bear on life's gushing wave
 To heathen souls athirst,
 To all whom Jesus died to save;

 But feed the children first."

THE LOST SHEEP.

"And other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd."—JOHN x. 16.

Lord, a Saviour's love displaying,
Show the Heathen lands Thy way;
Millions still, like sheep, are straying
"In the dark and cloudy day." *

Shades of death are gathering o'er them,

Lord! they perish from Thy sight;

Let Thine angel go before them,

Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.

^{*} Ezek. xxxiv. 12.

Fetch them home from every nation,
From the islands of the sea;
By the Word of Thy salvation
Call the wanderers back to Thee!

Thou their pasture hast provided,
Grant the blessing long foretold!
Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,
Find at last the common fold!

THE JUBILEE OF CHRISTIAN ENGLAND IN 1851.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Daniel xii. 3.

I.

- THERE was a mighty nation, enthroned amid the foam,
- Where early Freedom, oft beguiled and scared, yet found a home;
- And pure Religion, oft proscribed, her once heavenlighted flame
- Nursed secretly with God's own oil, 'mid danger and 'mid shame.

II.

There came a time while Freedom slept, her wrongs not all redrest,

Religion rose and swept away the cobwebs from her vest,

And in her raiment wrought of gold again was seen to stand

With the censer of Christ's early Faith illumined in her hand!

III.

Then soon upsprang her sister stern, and with a flashing eye

Call'd forth her sons to storm the forts of ancient tyranny;

And blinded Power and Error fell, and in reviving youth

Shone forth unveil'd the holy forms of Order and of Truth,

IV.

And since that hour, though oft assail'd, yet all undaunted still,

Those sisters twain have made our land a beacon on the hill;

And some have felt admiring love, and others envious hate,

For the purity and the liberty of England's Church and State!

V.

Upon the hill a beacon!—amid the darkness light!—

And has thy lamp, oh! favour'd land, thus shone for ever bright?

Has it gleam'd, not only nearer home, but in heathen lands afar,

A true reflection, in the west, of Bethlehem's guiding Star?

VI.

Has it brought the Eastern sages, with their treasures strange and sweet,

To the shrine of holier wisdom, to the Saviour's piercèd feet?

Has it bade them spurn each earthward chain, and raise their eyes above,

To the heaven-attracting magnet of the Saviour's glance of love?

VII.

Alas! to them too often no beauty has appear'd;
'Mid cruelty, and fraud, and blood, thy standard
has been rear'd;

And men have said of England's sons, once prest a foreign sod,

Where is their freedom's temper'd rule, and where their boasted God?

VIII.

- Can it be the land of Freedom, can it be Religion's home,
- That sends these reckless plunderers forth through the wasted world to roam?
- The tyrant fell to others, the self-indulgent slave—
- What speaks he of the martyr's shrine, the patriot's storied grave i

IX.

- Oh! pure reformed England, oh! England, Ocean's Queen!
- Blasphemed through thee among the lands thy Saviour's name has been;
- For men look'd on a little while, and then began to say,
- "What is there in a faith like this?" and then they turn'd away!

X.

Alas! alas! my country, nurse of the brave and free,

Is it thus among the nations they have dared to speak of thee?

And the conscious land makes answer sad, with faintly-flushing cheek,

"'Twas thus of me beyond the sea they had once a right to speak."

XI.

But, blest be God! that night of shame has pass'd, we trust, away;

And in the distant future dawns a widely-brightening day!

And the Church and realm of England shall earn their title still

Of a light amid the darkness, a beacon on the hill!

XII.

- E'en now, though much remains behind for grateful zeal to do,
- The foul reproach of earlier times is pointless and untrue;
- E'en now, to furthest East, or South, or West, or frozen North,
- Not all forgetting or forgot the Englishman goes forth.

XIII.

- Go forth, ye sons of commerce! 'twill perhaps be many a year
- Ere the loving hearts you leave behind again shall greet you here;
- Yet may you kneel with them in thought on every Sabbath-day,
- And with the same familiar rites among your brethren pray.

XIV.

- Go forth, ye gallant settlers! the flowing tear restrain!
- Though hard it be no more to see your child-hood's haunts again;
- Another England lies before, where yet your race shall be
- True Christian sons of English sires, brave, rational, and free!

XV.

- You leave not now your country's laws, your country's arts, behind;
- But English wisdom, English wealth, you there shall make or find;
- And holy hands are there to bless, and holy accents mild
- Speak comfort to the dying man, receive the newborn child.

XVI.

- The infant city's rising walls are something on their way;
- And spacious marts blockade the streets, and a mole usurps the bay;
- And in the midst, a sight to cheer, a taper spire I note,
- That marks the house whence Christian prayer and praise shall heavenward float!

XVII.

- Go forth, self-banish'd exiles! not all unblest ye roam;
- E'en as ye cross the waters wild ye shall hear the sounds of home;
- Each morn and eve ye may meet to pray, while the winds around you sweep,
- And the praises of the Lord of Hosts shall make music on the deep!

XVIII.

Awake, long-blinded heathen! forsake each idol shrine!

List to the voice that speaks from heaven, behold the true Sun shine!

E'en now methinks th' Almighty Mind informs the desert's stones,

And the gods, whom ancient darkness crown'd, quake on their challenged thrones.

XIX.

Return, return, ye strangers, who have gladly come from far

To the triumph of life-cheering Art, and Commerce' bloodless war;

Return, and to your brethren tell of the glorious Island-Queen,

Of the fairy dome of crystal, and the wonders you have seen.

XX.

- And something you perhaps will tell, that may work in after days
- To the joy of other nations and our great Creator's praise—
- Of a land where reasoning Faith adores, and Science bows the knee,
- Of a land where temper'd order knows to discipline the free!

XXI.

- Oh! listen to the truthful words which Freedom seems to say:
- Here freeborn men to sacred Law a willing deference pay!
- And here amid the crash of states may that wonder still be seen
- Of an independent people rejoicing in their Queen."

XXII.

And thus her sister seems to speak: "Not mine the boast to ride

O'er the necks of humbled monarchs in a gorgeous car of pride!

I only seek by gentle bands and pure delights to bring

Strong-hearted men, who know their strength, to the footstool of their King.

XXIII.

"Let stubborn foes assail me! let doubting friends depart!

I only nerve my soul the more to act a Church's part,

To train my children, England's sons, e'en from their earliest youth,

To worship God the Father in spirit and in truth

XXIV.

- "Where'er the flag of England floats, o'er many a land and sea,
- Be mine to bow the hearts of men, O Lord, to only Thee!
- And when those countless hosts adore, I scarcely ask that they
- Should think of her who brought them thus their homage pure to pay."

XXV.

- Let men, who love with half-shut eyes conclusions apt to draw,
- Unwind a system's coils and take their logic for their law;
- Or range against the Truth reveal'd objections hardly found,
- Faint shadowy specks that scarcely tint the sunillumined ground;—

XXVI.

A wiser, simpler path be ours—what God has taught to hold,

Humble, whene'er His voice is heard, 'gainst man's pretensions bold;

The path of Christian common-sense—each heart and reason given

To Him who made, and taught, and trod the only way to heaven.

XXVII.

They do not seem to listen—perchance they do not heed

The charm of our well-working laws, our pure and simple creed;

They do not seem to listen—but God alone can say,

What seeds of thought from England's shore they yet may bear away.

XXVIII.

- The welcome of a liberal land, who oped her arms so wide,
- Not shrinking back with jealous fear, not fenced with senseless pride;
- The welcome of a Christian land, whose flag is seen unfurl'd
- With "the brotherhood of nations," "God's peace to all the world!"

XXIX.

- The triumph thus of art and trade shall yet united be
- By bands unseen, yet forged in heaven, with our Christian Jubilee;
- And they who side by side with us art's peaceful paths have trod,

cal

her

Shall walk with us, for Jesus' sake, in the palace of our God!

HYMN.

" So shall He sprinkle many nations."—ISAIAH lii. 15.

Saviour, sprinkle many nations,

Fruitful let Thy sorrows be!

By Thy pains and consolations,

Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.

Of Thy cross the wondrous story,

Be it to the nations told,

Let them see Thee in Thy glory,

And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,

Pants for Thee each mortal breast;

Human tears for Thee are flowing,

Human hearts in Thee would rest.

Thirsting, as for dews of even,

As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,
Thee, as man, for sinners slain.

Saviour! lo, the isles are waiting,

Stretch'd the hand, and strain'd the sight,

For Thy Spirit, new-creating,

Love's pure flame, and Wisdom's light:

Give the word, and of the preacher

Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,

Till on earth, by every creature,

Glory to the Lamb be sung.

THE FOUNDATION OF A COLLEGE.

O LORD! look down and hear!

Not unto man,

Nor to a fleshly arm,

Nor to the crafts of a vain Wisdom's charm,

But to Thy Spirit do we trust our plan:

O Lord, be near!

Thou to whom hearts are known!

Oh! not for fame,

Nor gold, nor dreams that lurk

In indolent fancy, would we work our work—

But for Thy glory, and Thy mighty name,

Make it thine own.

Lord, at whose voice do cease

Envies and strife—

Lo! as we kneel in love,

With brothers' hearts knit to Thy throne above,

And brothers' thoughts owning Thy life our life,

Grant us Thy peace.

Lord! we are sinful men,
Yet leave us not.

Far is the night-watch spent,
And toil-worn on the shore, bow'd o'er her rent
And tangled nets, Thy Church doth weep her lot;
Leave us not, then.—

Leave us not, though we be
Sinful and dark:
And if with trembling hand,
As thine own Levites, at Thy dread command,
We veil our face to prop Thy falling ark,
On bended knee,

Oh hide us from thine eye
In thy Son's cloud
Of glory, lest we shock
The angels by our daring, and men mock
Thy service as a rashness vain and proud,
Or a poor lie.

Hide us! and we will move

Awe-wrapt and still—

Breathless, that nought betray

Our footsteps to the rude and garish day,

Doing, with reverent foot and subject will,

Thy work of love.

And if Thine eye of light

May not endure

Our footsteps near Thy throne,

And cannot bless the work, nor call it Thine,

Oh be not angry with us evermore,

Nor blast our sight.

Spare us for Thy dear Son;

Spare us, good Lord!

And when our gold we lay

Before Thee, cast us not ourselves away,

But listen still in love to thine own word—

Thy will be done!

WHAT'S IN A PLACE?

T.

"What's in a name? the sweetness of the Rose
Might bear another name"—was ask'd of yore;
And baffled Reason studies to explore
The feeling's mystery, but she only knows
That so it is; and she can learn no more;
And Instinct darts before with prompt reply—
"A name has influence, and it boots not why."
While Reason's bark is stranded on the shore—
What's in a place? Why should our native land,
If elsewhere we can make us friends and live,
Be dearer than the loveliest foreign strand?
And the same answer Nature seems to give—
"There is a magic in our native sky;
Reason no more, but, if thou doubtest, try!"

II.

How shall we here our country re-create?

The shallow stream * belies the borrow'd name
Of Xanthus, and the altar's hallow'd flame
(The altar standing by the Scæan gate)
Was lighted from lost Ilium's ruin'd shrine;
'Tis thus we keep the charm of things divine,
And reproduce our land, in spite of fate—
Cold comfort this, and somewhat out of date!
Why tell to time-worn men a schoolboy's tale?
To life-worn men, borne sadly o'er the foam
Far from the dear realities of home,
What can such shadows of the past avail?
Victoria, Adelaide, and Oxford, tell,
Is all indeed a dream, is there no local spell?

^{*} Virg. Æn. III. 350.

III.

There is a charm in place—the very seat,

Where first we sat, and listen'd wondringly

To grave discourse or solemn litany,

Seems to our thought more reverent and more

meet

To wake devotion's heavenward harmony,

Than any other shrine beneath the sky.

Sweet local influence! and as strange as sweet—

Where is the man that can thy power defy?

Not they who, borne in yon self-banish'd fleet,

Seek a new land with half-adventurous mind,

Remorseful half for all they leave behind;

Oh! for some signs of home their barks to greet!

And hark from yonder spire the bells reply,

"Here may ye find a home—for here am I."

IV.

For not alone by local sentiment
Will we revive our country—which shall be
As England, Christian, and as England, free!
Such the undaunted settler's resolute bent—
We take the flowers our mother-land has lent,
(Not given, for that would seem to break the chain,)

Tokens of home until we meet again,

And wreathe them round the front of our intent—
Our high intent, to plant beyond the wave

A Saxon race, religious, patient, brave—
A race upon a two-fold mission sent,

Beneath the banner of Him who died to save,

To earn a name among the sons of earth,

And reach that better land, the home of our new
birth!

TO WHOM SHALL WE GO !

Why should we fly to Rome? why leave for her
The difficult freedom of our purer faith?
Is it to find a man that cannot err?
Alas! such is not, Reason, Scripture, saith;
Or is it that the tumult and the stir
Of thoughtful zeal at strife offends our bent?
Or is it that, with God no more content,
Objects of faith we fain would multiply,
And lean on other names beneath the sky
Than His, our one High-Priest Omnipotent?
Or dream we baseless dreams of unity?
Ah! gorgeous wreck of unfulfill'd intent!
Come, simple trust in Him who died to save,
And in a pardoning God beyond the grave!

TRUTH AND UNITY.

O Thou, who in Thy last known prayer save those Which in Thy sufferings Thou didst heavenward send,

(One for Thyself, the latest for Thy foes,)
Didst pray for unity—O Lord, and Friend,—
If but in earnest we are following Thee,
Or learning late to follow—pity and lend
Thy Spirit of light, that we may learn and see
What mean Thy words, both 'Truth' and 'Unity:'
That so no lurid cloud may interpose
Of human pride still struggling to be free,
Nor stately phantom with its specious shows
Of order'd faith and uniformity
May on the weaker souls its yoke impose
Of those who cling to Truth, yet pray for Unity!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE.

I.

An iron race is passing away,

And warlike memories cease;

The Secular Feast is spread to-day

By the busy sons of Peace.

The world is keeping holiday,

With banners flaunting proud;

And ye cannot hear the trumpets bray,

For the voice of Babel's crowd!

The world is keeping holiday,

The world of trade and hire;

And a crystal vault lets in the ray

On the merchandise of Tyre.

II.

But why should only Babel's voice Uplift the joyous strains And why should Tyre alone rejoice
In her glory and her gains?
For the Lord of all the world He is,
Who dwelleth on Sion's steep!
The earth and its fulness, all are His,
And the spoils of the vasty deep!
Then let the harp of Judah wake
To meet the dawn with glee!
Let Levi's silver clarion* speak
Of a holier Jubilee!
Let the isles give forth their gladsome voice,
And ocean's utmost bound;
For "God is gone up with a merry noise,
And the Lord with the trumpet's sound."

III.

But shall we reap to-day with mirth
What was sown with many a tear?
Will the Comforter vouchsafe to earth
His Pentecostal year?

^{*} Numb. x. 2; Levit. xxv. 9.

O were the Son of Peace but there,

With the blessing from on high,

The Lord from heaven might hear our prayer,

And the world believe Him nigh!*

IV.

How bright were then the flame that crown'd

Each Missionary head!

How mighty the Spirit's rushing sound

The tidings glad to spread!

To preach the Lord's accepted year,

The broken heart to bind,

To whisper "Christ" in the deaf man's ear,

Give His Cross to the eyes of the blind!†

Then universal earth would raise

One jubilant acclaim,

To hymn the loving Father's praise,

The Son's redeeming name!

^{*} John xvii. 21, 23.

⁺ Isa. lxi. 1, 2; Luke iv. 18, 19; 2 Cor. vi. 2.

THE BANYAN-TREE.*

" and daughters grow
About the Mother Tree, a pillar'd shade."
PARADISE LOST, IX. 1105.

The Banyan of the Indian isles

Strikes deeply down its massive root;

And spreads its branching life abroad,

And bends to earth with scarlet fruit:

^{* &}quot;The Ficus religiosa, or Banyan-tree, is a native of the East Indies. Every branch from the main body throws out its own roots; at first, in small tender fibres, several yards from the ground. These continually grow thicker, until they reach the surface; and then, striking in, increase to large trunks, and become parent trees: thus continuing in a state of progression, as long as the earth contributes her sustenance. The Hindoos are particularly fond of the Banyan-tree; which, from its long duration, its outstretching arms, and overshadowing beneficence, they look upon as an emblem of the Deity."—
Encyclopædia Britannica.

And, when the branches reach the ground,

They firmly plant themselves again:

Then rise, and spread, and droop, and root;

An ever green and endless chain.

And so the Church of Jesus Christ,

The blessed Banyan of our God,

Fast rooted upon Sion's mount,

Has sent its sheltering arms abroad:

And every branch that from it springs,

In sacred beauty spreading wide,

As low it bends to bless the earth,

Still plants another by its side.

Long as the world itself shall last,

The sacred Banyan still shall spread;

From clime to clime, from age to age,

Its guardian shadow shall be shed:

Nations shall seek its "pillar'd shade,"

Its leaves shall for their healing be;

The circling flood that feeds its life,

The blood that crimson'd Calvary.

THE

CHURCH AND REALM OF ENGLAND.

LORD! Thy sovereign will obeying,
Proudest empires rise or fall;
Waxing great, or slow decaying,
Thou hast cast the lot of all.

People's might, and monarchs' glory,
Feel alike Thy chastening hand;
Cities once renown'd in story,
Sleep beneath the desert sand.

Where the stream of life unbroken
Onward pour'd in fullest tide,
Man has ceased! and not a token
Tells of all his power and pride!

Doom'd by Thee, those outworn races

Vanish'd like a mist from earth;

Thou hast peopled desert places,

Other nations called to birth.

Rising in prophetic order,

Empires spring from Japhet's stem;

Japhet, widening still his border,

Lords it in the tents of Shem.

Eastward, lands that Roman legions
Never in their march had seen;
Westward, earth's remotest regions,
Island Monarch, own thee Queen.

On then, settler! calmly braving

Heat or cold;—where'er you roam

English banners still are waving,

English accents tell of home.

Crowning Empire, high uplifted,

Know thy part, and fear to fall.

Church, with light and freedom gifted,

Hear the Gentiles on thee call.

Gifted without stint or measure,—
Freely give to poor and blind;
Fear to hoard thy strength or treasure,
Steward thou for all mankind.

Messenger of Christ's salvation,

Count all other things but loss;

Bear His name to every nation,

Plant in every land His Cross.

COME OVER AND HELP US.

Souls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, say they, none has taught us
Of His love so deep and dear,
Of the precious price that bought us,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him,
Guide us from our darkness drear.

Still Mohammed's host adoring,
Call untired their prophet's name,
Morn and eve his aid imploring;—
Tell the greater Chief who came,
The true Prophet,
Winning Glory out of Shame.

Still, dark men by Ganges' waters,
Sighing for a friend divine,
Count their fabled gods' Avatars;
Show the Son of David's line.
God Incarnate!
All our woes and wants were Thine!

Still the Jew in dreams unholy,

Hails a conqueror's crimson reign,

Scorns the Son of Mary lowly;—

Read him right the Prophets' strain.

Christ can give him

Israel's glories back again.

Still old Asia's sages yearning,
Grope for truth with darken'd eye
By the lamp within them burning
While the sun is in the sky,
Nothing dreaming
Of the glorious light on high.

Still the earth hath cruel places,

Wrath, and hate, and vengeance grim,—

Still God looks on human faces

Heavenward turn'd, but not to Him;

Slaves who know not

Comfort in their anguish dim.

Eastward far, the bright sun breaking,
Treads the dark clouds into light;
East, and west, the lands are waking,
Other feet are on the height,
More beautiful,
Bearing words of love and might.

Haste, oh haste, and spread the tidings;
Let no shore be left untrod,—
No lost brother's bitter chidings
Haunt us from the furthest sod;
Tell the heathen
All the precious truth of God.

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

" I will go forth in the strength of the LORD GOD, and will make mention of Thy righteousness only."

Come! ye spirits deep and earnest, and with overflowing heart

For the bitter strife of darkness we will gird us and depart;

We will go, so God assist us, humble men with simple lives,

Leaving, for the sake of Jesus, houses, brethren, children, wives;*

Leaving all, when He commandeth, with a temper clear and still,

All that gentlest hearts can long for, all that clogs the lowly will;

^{*} Matt. xix. 29.

- Close within us we will carry, collected, calm, and brave,
- The panoply of quiet which the bad world never gave;
- Very serpents in discretion, yet as guileless as the dove,
- Lo! Obedience is the watchword, and the countersign is Love.
- We will grasp the Spirit's weapons, vast in power, proved and true,*
- With ready mind to plan and dare, and energy to do:
- Constant ever, drooping never, be the burden what it may,
- Not through victories proud-hearted, not by terror scared away;
- We—not we, but God within us, working mightily in weakness,
- Raining forth eternal knowledge, vanquishing the world by meekness;

^{* 1} Sam. xvii. 39.

- Through the powers of the Spirit, and the abiding Incarnation,
- By the hands of us His creatures spreading wide His new Creation.
- Even so! to Him be glory—not to us, Lord, but to Thee!
- Ours the failing and the weakness, Thine the strength and victory!
- Even so! to Him be glory, the ONE GOD, whom we adore,
- FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT, King of kings for evermore.—Amen.

THE MISSIONARY'S WORK.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!"

How beautiful their feet who find

Hard hearts and cold where'er they roam,

Yet make the cruel nature kind,

And whisper peace in every home:

Who kindle hopes which cannot die,

And Faith which smiles at slow decay;

Pouring upon the darken'd eye

The light of everlasting day!

But oh, the marvel, when 'tis known

By what poor means the spell was wrought;

No wit, no wisdom of their own,

No strong device of earthly thought:

But the sad tale of One who came

From the right hand of God on high,

To share our heritage of shame,

To drain the cup of grief, and die.

What more?—The gift which, ere He fled,

He breathed upon His chosen few;

The cup of blessing—broken bread—

And drops of sacramental dew!

ENGLAND'S MISSION.

SONNETS. 1851.

I.

ART thou content to be the modern Tyre—
Half-pedlar and half-pirate of the world?
To count the sails of merchant navies furl'd
In thy full ports?—to know that some admire
And many fear, and almost all desire
To see thee from thy throne of empire hurl'd,
And o'er thy palace-halls the smoke-wreaths curl'd,
Which speak the presence of avenging fire?
Thine, England, is the sceptre of the sea,
That thou mayst bear God's message thro' the earth,
And spread the truth which makes man's spirit free,
Kindling on many a bright colonial hearth
A flame from that pure altar, rear'd for thee
Long since—an heir-loom of uncounted worth.

II.

But hast thou to thy destiny been true,
And bravely play'd the part to thee assign'd,
Dispensing to the tribes of human-kind
Of heavenly truth the fertilizing dew,
And labouring hard the heathen and the Jew
In one great bond of Christian love to bind?
What are thy boons to man's benighted mind?
How much, for service done him, is thy due?
From thine imperial throne, proud Queen, look forth,
Survey thy boundless empire, and declare
In farthest East and West, and South and North,
What trace is found of thy maternal care?
What generous zeal, that subject lands may share
The Gospel-pearl's inestimable worth?

III.

Mistress thou art of matter—not of mind;
The elements obey thee;—on the foam
Of the sea-waves thou dwell'st as in an home;
Canst bind and loose the pinions of the wind;—
Control the lightning—pathways force or find
Through earth's dark entrails where thou will'st
to roam;

And like a restless and resistless gnome,
The granite mountains into powder grind.
The granite mountains into powder gr

IV.

Can a clean thing come out of an unclean,
Life-giving waters from a tainted spring?
Can sensual hearts the songs of Zion sing,
High faith be born of abject thoughts and mean?
The Gospel-torch, if lit at hearths obscene,
O'er new-found worlds celestial radiance fling?
Can fiend-like hate speed angels on the wing,
And Hell's worst discord breed Heaven's peace
serene?

O England, wouldst thou do thine office well,
Evangelizing earth's remotest ends,
First cleanse the homes in which thy children dwell
From social wrong, which God and man offends;
From fraud that robs, from factions that rebel,
From greed and avarice, making foes of friends.

V.

A stately ship is scudding o'er the main,
Her sails full set, with favouring wind and tide;
To speed like hers the ocean seems not wide;
Her masts beneath their canvass bend and strain,
Proudly her keel ploughs through the watery plain;
But evil faces scowl across her side—
Grim felon aspects, fierce and murderous-eyed—
Rogues, whom their country will no more retain.
So forth they fare, by her august commands
To people a new empire, to become
Progenitors of rogues in other lands,
To make a hell of their appointed home;
To spread with pregnant hearts and dexterous hands
Crime and pollution, wheresoe'er they roam.

VI.

Prolong the scene;—a statelier vessel sails
In the same track, and bears a worthier freight;
Propitious omens on her voyage wait!
Smooth be the waves, and prosperous the gales
From which the settlers in Australian vales
Expect the fathers of their Church and State—
The men whose deeds, Heaven grant, not yet too late,
Shall live hereafter in heroic tales.
Speed, modern Argo, speed upon thy track,
Those who shall feed the flock—not shear the fleece;
From error's path bring many a wanderer back;
From sin's strong bonds imprison'd souls release,
And win a world, which else had gone to wrack,
To the mild empire of the Prince of Peace.

VII.

Who are the Heroes of the latter day?

The lords of earth—the champions of mankind?

Think not, O Christian, those great hearts to find Amidst the carnage of the battle-fray,

Nor where fierce conquerors gory sceptres sway,

And on men's necks oppressive burdens bind,

Well-pleased the faces of their race to grind,

And see obsequious multitudes obey.

But seek them in the vast colonial wild—

The mitre, not the helmet, on their brow—

Wrestling with wrong, in love and patience mild,

Through good and ill still faithful to their vow,—

Training the savage, like a docile child,

Before their Lord's victorious cross to bow.

ANCIENT AND MODERN COLONIZATION.

When Greece sent forth her bravest sons

To sail the dark-blue billows o'er,

And find a home on some far shore—

How yearn'd she o'er those cherish'd ones!

How, with them, down the shelving beach
She walk'd to where their galleys stood,
And wept—for soon that mighty flood
Must intercept their loving speech!

Then gave she to that gallant band

One deeply taught in things divine—

(The sacred lore of Japheth's line,)—

And he, within his holy hand

Bore that which never more must die;—
A flame that owed its mystic birth
To that which on their native hearth
Was lighted from their native sky.

So pass'd the sons of famous Greece

Forth from their dear ancestral home;

Bearing across the ocean foam

A parent's blessing—words of peace—

And that pure tie which most endears—
A common Faith! which, when apart,
Knows best to bind the broken heart,
And sweetens best the fount of tears!...

My Country! whence is this to thee—
That when thy sons go forth, they go
On ship-board, lost in lonely woe?
What mother, of her sons at sea

Careless as thou? Eternal light

From God's right hand has come to earth—
Yea, gladdens every Christian hearth—
And in thy temples blazes bright:

But dost thou fill a trusty hand

With that pure flame? Dost thou take care

That holy messengers shall bear

Thy better lore to each far land?

Ah! yet be wise, while yet thou may'st!

Thy absent children's piteous cry

Goes up to yonder bending sky—

A heavy witness. O, make haste!

It tells of boundless wealth at home—
No want forgot—no wish denied;
The gilded palaces of pride—
The iron road—the crystal dome;—

While millions, who by birth and blood

Are part of thee, in accents faint

Give to the winds their sad complaint

To waft across th' Atlantic flood:

Thou, heedless yet! Although to share

Thy home-bred blessings,—gifts which give

The only life whereby we live,—

To taste of these is all their prayer!

Shepherds, to guide their weary feet

To where the waters softly flow;

And churches, where 'tis bliss to know

That men and angels yet may meet!

LOOKING UP TO HEAVEN.

Suggested by a passage in the Bishop of New Zealand's Journal, in which he describes having first seen the sun, and then the moon go down, and being afterwards lighted on his journey by the constellations of the Southern Cross and the Triangle.

The sun sinks o'er the western sea,
And o'er the trackless plain,
Where the good Bishop wearily
Leads on his scanty train.

The moon fades from the brow of night,

Dark broods the lonely hour,

No passing gleam of social light

Shines out from hall, or bower.

Such gleam as dear old England sees,
From the closed casement far,
At even, through her tall dark trees,
The peasant's polar star,

Which wearied with his long day's toil

He greeteth far away;—

Christ's labourer tills a harder soil,—

Hath he no cheering ray?

Yes, wanderer, look—to Heaven's blue height
The Southern Cross ascends,
And bathing all thy path in light,
Thine "own Triangle" bends.

Sweet stars,—there lies a gentle lore
In Nature's shadowings,
And we may find in her full store
The types of holier things.

God's holy Church, mysterious still,

Wends on from age to age,

Through this dark world of strife and ill,

Her lonely pilgrimage.

And darkness meets her on the wold,
And frowns the gathering foe,
And hearts are false, and love is cold,
And even faith burns low.

Because we look not up on high,

Where waves the red cross wide,

Nor think that He who came to die,

Still guards His mystic Bride.

Because we have not hearts to see,

Bright as in days of old,

The presence of th' Eternal Three

Within her sacred fold.

And thou, to whom thy Lord has given
The crozier and the key,
And bade thee tend the Bride of Heaven,
Girt by that southern sea—

What though cold-hearted Christians fear,
What though the Heathen frown,
Though all the waste be wild and drear,
And sun and moon go down—

Yet shalt thou lay Redemption's sign On many a savage brow, And many a rudely sacred shrine Shalt to the Triune vow.

And hope on them, and peace be poured,

Who see thy face no more,

The exile labouring for his Lord,

Upon that heathen shore.

A VISION OF THE CHURCH.

[WRITTEN ON A MISSIONARY VOYAGE.]

"Where there is no vision, the people perish."—Prov. xxix. 18.

I.

I ASK not, God, those visions bright
Which cheer'd Thy prophet's lonely way,
When burst upon his ravish'd sight
The glorious forms of Saints in light

In beautiful array:

When on his tranced and dreaming mind
The Heaven of Heavens resplendent shined,
And seraphs from their lofty home
Proclaim'd the things which were to come.

II.

I ask not that these feeble eyes

The mystic Minister should see,

Who, robed in light's supernal dyes,

Removed the mantle from the skies

That veil'd Eternity.

When o'er the ocean, and the land,

He lifted high his threat'ning hand,

And swore the oath, from shore to shore,

Of worlds dissolved and time no more.

III.

Yet ere I pass the Jordan stream

That parts eternity from time,
I crave, O God, one little beam,
To give me but one transient gleam

Of that immortal clime;
Where peace pervades the halcyon bowers,
Where love informs the happy hours,
And all that's bright and wise and good,
Is seen and felt and understood.

IV.

Oh! ere these straining eyelids close

On things that make the world too dear,
On friends whom Thine own grace bestows,
On one whose love-lit eye still glows

Beneath the falling tear;
Fain would I climb to Pisgah's mount,
And see the land which lies beyond,—
The Canaan which my heart believes,
The Eden which my Saviour gives.

V.

Nor vain the wish, though failing sense
Shrink from the scenes no eye may see;
Thou yet wilt give the faith intense
Which lifts th' aspiring spirit hence,

Thy messenger to be.

And grant me, ere my course be run,
Thy vision'd truth to lead me on,
And spread Thy glorious law where'er
Are hearts to heed, and ears to hear.

VI.

Yes, far beyond this rolling tide,

I see the distant rising light;
I cross the valleys, dim and wide,

And gain the mountains shining bright.
I leave the doubting world behind,
And in the "rushing mighty wind,"
I recognise the tongues of fire,
Those Pentecostal sounds inspire.

VII.

They bid Thy Church, on every shore,

Where fear and darkness linger still,
The solitary waste explore,
And speed the tale Thy angels bore
Of "Peace on earth, to man good-will."
They bid her ministers proclaim
In every tongue the Saviour's name,
The one, sole healing font declare,
Wherever guilt and misery are.

VIII.

They bid the heathen heart to glow,
Responsive to the heavenly song;
They bid the mystic waters flow,
And trace the cross on every brow,
By sin debased, and sorrow wrung;
They nerve the soul to do and bear,
As none but Christian warriors dare,—
Till by the seed, in suffering sown,
Thy blood-redeemed Church is known.

C. H. A.

WHO MARRIED A CLERGYMAN, AND WENT OUT WITH HIM
TO JOIN THE BISHOP OF NEW ZEALAND.

Sent with a Cross of Irish Bog-Oak.

Our of the bosom desolate and deep

Of her that was the "Isle of Saints" of old,

Where, far below, her buried forests sleep,

They cut this little cross of ancient mould,—

Type of her beautiful and glorious days,

Her first pure days of faith and lore and love,

When wanted not sweet Nature's note of praise,

Her deep winds whispering down the leafy grove.

I bid thee lay it on thy pilgrim breast,—
I would some thought of us should go with thee,
Some message from the melancholy west,
To that bright isle beyond the southern sea.

And oh, of all our thoughts most sweet, most vast,
What better sign between our hearts than this.
What fitter form to carve out of the past,
What brighter presage of the future's bliss?

Most meet for you, who not with thought of ease Gild your calm dreams of holy wedded life, Who bear your Master's cross beyond the seas, For earnest labour, and for weary strife.

Meet symbol, too, from this fair Isle forlorn

To her who hears the wide Pacific roar,

Who sitteth in the twilight of her morn,

Watching the lights that break along the shore.—

Hearkening a strain more sweet than rapt'rous burst Of wild-bird's song when dawn is in the sky; An echo of the angel's song, that erst Spake peace on earth, and told salvation nigh.

And he who leads and modulates that strain,
Wandering by pathless waste, and lonely rock,
Whose restless bark is ever on the main,
Patiently gathering in his little flock,—

How will he look along the heaving tide,

And bless the breeze that brings from the old land

One brother more to labour at his side,

Another sister to his exiled band!

And ye will catch the burden of his song,

Will swell the measure when perchance it faints,
Bid gulf and cliff the glorious strain prolong,

And make that isle another "Isle of Saints."

Pray for us, Brother, Sister! love doth make

No count of place, devotion hath no bound,—

And chief for them, the faithful few who wake

Watching our island fold, with foes around;

For them who cut from her old heart the cross Once more, and lay it bare upon the shrine, And tell her sons each fond device was loss, Wherewith their hands had shrouded that old sign.

And so farewell,—already the winds greet
Your out-bound sail, and lift the crested wave;
How oft in thought, in hope, in heart, we meet,
By the dear sign of Him who died to save.

PRAISE AND INTERCESSION.

A traveller in North America, while resting at a lonely inn, was roused at night by a voice chanting the Psalms; on inquiry, he found that it was the Bishop of Newfoundland, chanting alone the Evening Service.

Wake, wanderer, wake! a solemn voice
Chants softly to the chill night air,
In old familiar melody,
Sweet strains of praise and prayer;

Such strains as in thine own dear land,
Unnumber'd voices love to sing,
Where, morn and eve, the Bride of Heaven
Brings homage to her King.

Here are no old collegiate walls,

No mighty minster fair and strong,—

Whence caught this wild north-western waste,

The Church's evensong?

Sleep, wanderer, sleep; thy mother's hand

Is stretch'd to guard each wandering child,

Her shepherd waketh for the flock

Far scatter'd in the wild.

'Tis meet his voice should linger here, Chanting alone the dear old lay, Who beareth from the dear old land High spiritual sway.

'Tis meet his deep unwearied tone
Still night and day her songs renew,
Like strain thrice echoed from the hills,
Whose every note is true.

Head of the Church, for ever near,

Hear Thou Thy servant's evening hymn,

Give that lone voice a power to raise

From sleep more dark and dim.

Be it a witness to Thy name,

For truth, for love, for order dear,

Charming the sinner from his path,

Soothing the exile's ear.

It dies beneath the wide grey Heaven,
It dies along the silent plain,
No answering flock, no deep-voiced choir,
Take up the solemn strain.

Yet patience, strong and holy heart,

Nor fear the full response shall come;

Still waken with thy lonely note,

The desert dark and dumb.

Deep down the course of coming years

The chord shall vibrate yet again,

And ages yet unborn shall hear

That slumbering Amen.

THE 'HAWK' CHURCH-SHIP AND THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

I.

"The Society's promise of assistance is the first to cheer and encourage me....

" But now, where are the men?"

BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND'S LETTER, 1849.

I

Clime of the dark and stern north-west, whose viewless ocean fields

Lead dimly on to wilder realms, where winter never yields;

Where island, continent, and shore, nor form nor limit show,

Fast ribb'd in glacier's prison depth, or sunk in endless snow;

Such awful barriers have not stay'd the quest for power or fame,

That far within thy spheres of dread have carried England's name,

- And urged her daring enterprise, for all but hopeless meed,
- To pierce those strong set Arctic bounds, by God of old decreed.

II.

- His ice in splinter'd mountains He "like morsels casteth forth,"
- And "who is able to abide" His frost-winds of the north?
- Through all the freezing firmament their power, at His command,
- Creation's palsied current binds before it who can stand?
- Yet oft, with gallant ship entomb'd, have England's chosen brave,
- In helpless struggles perishing, there found untimely grave;
- A fruitless, thankless sacrifice, before an idol shrine,
- Unclaim'd by aught of high behest, or human or Divine.

III.

- And oft we read of other scenes, where hardiest labour dwells,
- The fisher rude, the hunter wild, by barren shore or fells;
- Where nature's last lone colonists her bleakest outposts keep,
- Though scarce the rock their toil makes green, or ploughs their keel the deep.
- Faintly the feeble summer shines; full soon the cheerless day
- In clouded, tempest-driven hours of darkness wears away;
- Till winter's gathering storms the year's long changeless remnant fill,
- And life on that scarce peopled coast is silent all and still.

IV.

- Yet even here hath Mammon sent his thousands from afar,
- Uncheck'd by toil and hardship, as untamed by blood and war;

- In shelter'd nook, in harbour deep, he plants his settled bands,
- And pours in frequent, fitful tide, his hosts from distant lands.
- Where all had seem'd so desolate, to few poor natives known,*
- The signs of traffic, thrift, and gain, to wond'ring gaze are shown;
- Their busy haunts the shore reveals, their barks the billows toss;—
- One only sacred sign you miss the world-redeeming Cross!

V.

- Alsatia's mountain glens recall an Oberlin's loved name ;—
- And Piedmont's wildest passes tell where Neff's lone mission came;—

^{*} Such was the idea the Bishop had collected before he undertook his visitation of discovery.

- The deep and cold ravines that seam Mont Rosa's northern side,
- Or pierce the crested chain that lifts Mont Blanc in snowy pride,
- Another Church hath mark'd and sought, and gather'd to her fold,
- By many a token far and wide of zeal and labour told.—
- And must not Christian England's charge, her Catholic emprize,
- In signs as clear unfolded stand before all nations' eyes?
- As yet her longing children wait—orphans in trust and care—
- And other tribes with them, to greet her bow of promise there:—
- Brave brethren of the far north-west, God grant your Churches be
- His next bright gem we gather from the islands of the sea!

II.

"Much time was spent; and sailing was now dangerous."

ACTS XXVII. 9.

T.

The few fair rays of summer eve Belle Isle's dark straits illume,

The *Hawk's* full sails, in reddening glow, far o'er the waters loom;

The northern headlands in her wake reveal where Newfoundland

Is pass'd, in buoyant faith to seek the Labrador's lone strand.

A noble bird of prey is she; the mission that Christ gave,

The capture of His wand'ring souls, now speeds her on the wave;

And, hark! her saintly course to tell, through dark'ning sea and air,

In low and solemn sound you hear the Church's Vesper Prayer!

II.

Hear it, ye mariners for gold, ye traders o'er the earth,

Ye gatherers of wealth and store through moral drought and dearth;

Hear it, ye children of the world, ye sons of peaceful home,

Or ye whose lot may lead afar for hard-earn'd life to roam;—

Though late in time, yet first in love, a Christian Bishop now,

For nought but Christian Pastor's work, hath mann'd his daring prow;

That where men's outward dwellings be, in cold, and cloud, and storm,

"The work of an Evangelist" some hand may yet perform!

III.

The land is made; in Forteau's Bay the sacred vessel rides;—

What race is here? whose roofs and quays along those rocky sides?

- Quick earnest questions ask'd and told the exciting moments fill.
- Far England's exiled children speak their well-known accents still;
- And Gallia's sons of Canada another sound set forth;
- A third, some Mountain Hunters, or wild Indians of the north.
- "Children, all hail! with Peace alike we greet you in God's name,
- Once more His Church, with blessings dear, your banish'd homes may claim."

IV.

- Oh! judge the joy and thankfulness, when moor'd and canvass furl'd,
- That lonely ship, the Church's type, as bearing to the world
- The love of God, appears; then yields those offices of love,
- In which the fainting spirit craves communion from above!

The long-remember'd sights and sounds—perhaps in childhood known—

The Prayer, the Word, the Sacraments, in which the Eternal Throne

By sinful men is sought, and thence the promised blessing given,—

Some lowly roof, like infant Church, first consecrate to Heaven.

V.

Alas! that, like the Sycharites, their earnest voice should ask,

"Abide with us, and tarry yet."—" Too mighty is our task:—

Have ye not brethren onward still, alone like you, and drear,

The same sad Christian orphanhood enduring year by year?

We bear you in our hearts, be sure; if God in mercy will,

Ye shall not want some Pastor true, this mission to fulfil;

- His are the means, as His the work; but now, far forward bent,
- Our path through other scenes must lead; for therefore are we sent."

VI.

- Then northward yet the good ship speeds; island, and bay, and sound,
- Each peopled spot, "through fog and foam," her sacred quest hath found.
- Far as her venturous voyage may reach, to where the last cold shore
- Some good Moravians' zeal had reach'd on mercy's work before,
- She bears the message of the Church—the same high answer finds—
- On every coast a welcome glad, fond hearts and ready minds.
- So plain amidst the children of these distant, cheerless lands,
- The seed of Christ's fair promise lives, the whitening harvest stands,—

The prayer that some true labourers to store it may be found,

In last and deepest yearning fills the Church-ship homeward bound.

III.

" My grace is sufficient for thee."-2 Cor. xii. 9.

I.

- DEEM not this Prelate lightly pleads, or knows not what he asks.
- The land he left for those dark seas, in sweetest sunshine basks;
- By crystal stream, by smiling glade, by upland wood or field,
- Its teeming slopes and towery heights the eye's rapt pleasure yield;

- Where,* in three sweeping curves of light, unites the silver Wye
- To clasp the greenest hills, and glide their glittering valleys by,
- Then boldly seek its seaward course through rocks majestic riven,—
- Was that bright spot his native Church to his fond charge had given.

II.

- Twas this he left, and more than this; for failing strength and nerve
- With anxious fear oppress'd the thought his Master's cause to serve
- Where scenes of sterner toil and care must sharper trial form,
- Pass'd in the northern wilderness, the snow-drift and the storm!

^{*} The Parish of English Bicknor, stretching above the Coldwell Rocks, on the Wye; where the writer had the pleasure of conversing with some of the poor in the Bishop's former charge, and relating to them some particulars of his present life.

- He asks but what himself hath shown, but what himself hath found*—
- Faith that a Mighty Providence in mercy will abound
- A Christian's love and courage high to consecrate and bless,
- Whoe'er will turn to succour here His Church in her distress.

III

- We know 'tis hard; no temporal means, no simple lucre's worth,
- Can find the men whom CHRIST hath named the salt of all the earth.
- And yet such men, the rightful men, are only wanting now,
- Their husbandry hath God prepared, the fallow and the plough.

^{*} The Bishop writes to his friends, that the very climate he had dreaded seems to have done most towards re-establishing his health.

- The bracing skies of vigour breathe; high health is on the gale;
- And life finds joy and comfort yet, though rudest blasts assail;
- And, more than all, meek souls are there, a Pastor's hope and pride,
- With joy to welcome through the waste His Cross for them who died!

IV.

- A Missionary's lot it is, in peril and in toil,
- Yet less in other cares and fears that choke the barren soil;
- Nor cruel creed, nor grovelling rites, nor idols foul enslave
- The reason and the conscience true, that GoD's free goodness gave;
- Christians are some in name, and some in earnest, strong desire,
- And some their Christian birthright to redeem with cost aspire; *—

^{*} All offer of their means,—one individual as much as £40 a year,—to secure a Missionary Priest among them.

"A people ready for the Lord," — will not His Advent shine,

Through some courageous stewards of His grace and love Divine?

V.

- The signs of other Advent, sure, we trace nor faint nor far;
- Their gathering armies marshalling, for last, most fearful war,
- The world in stormier pride displays, the Church in deeper love.
- The Gospel witness in all realms, Christ's Prophet word to prove,
- The end of all things heralding, by some spots lingers yet,
- Though on to earth's remotest bounds its flowing tide is set.
- Honour and blessing be their meed, who thither lead the way!
- While oft, 'mid old alluring scenes, all faith and truth decay,

- In glare, and strife, and worldliness, outworn and saltless all;
- On new and fertile pastures still their heritage may fall—
- Glowing in Love, in Faith serene, in Hope secure and calm :—
- Where simplest stands the Pastor's cross, best springs the victor's palm!

THE OREGON MISSION.

Push on! to earth's extremest verge,—
And plant the Gospel there,
Till wide Pacific's angry surge
Is soothed by Christian prayer;
Advance the standard, conquering van!
And urge the triumph on,
In zeal for God and love of man,
To distant Oregon!

Faint not, O soldier of the Cross,

Its standard-bearer thou!

All California's gold is dross

To what thou winnest now!

A vast new realm, wherein to search

For truest treasure won,

God's jewels,—in his infant Church

Of newborn Oregon!

Thou shalt not fail, thou shalt not fall!

The gracious living Word

Hath said of every land, that all

Shall glorify the Lord:

He shall be served from east to west,

Yea,—to the setting sun,—

And Jesu's name be loved and blest

In desert Oregon.

Then, Brothers! help in this good deed,
And side with God to-day!

Stand by His servant now, to speed
His apostolic way:

Bethlehem's everleading Star
In mercy guides him on

To light with holy fire from far
The Star of Oregon.

THE HARVEST FIELD.

What may not patient labour do?

Survey with me you harvest field,

Where baneful weeds and wild-flowers grew;

Now mark the store its furrows yield.

Fed by the quick'ning sun and rain,

The lofty ranks, how close they stand,

A treasury of golden grain,

All ready for the reaper's hand.

Untended long that field had stood,

A token of man's unconcern;

He pass'd, and saw no signs of good,

No promise of a rich return.

Till One, whose kindness faileth not,

Who loves the barren waste to win,

Took to Himself the desert plot,

And sent His trusty labourers in.

That Master is the Lord of all;

His servants, true and faithful found,

Went forth, obedient to the call,

To plough, and sow, and till the ground.

Their portion was the Mission space;

Its spreading lines, the path they trod;

Their righteous aim, the fruits of grace;

The seed they sow'd, the Word of God.

How well they plied their daily toil,

What zeal, what care, what courage meek,

They brought to move that stubborn soil,

Let grateful love and duty speak.

Their work is done; their fruit appears;

They watch no more; no more they weep;

The bread they sow'd with many tears,

Remains for other hands to reap.

Comfort and aid us while you can;

To souls in need your help afford;

The time is short for feeble man

To spread the knowledge of the Lord.

Nor gold alone, but service lend;

And, with devout petitions, pray

The heavenly Husbandman to send

Fresh labourers to His harvest day.

The ripen'd ears are full and white;

E'en now they wait the blest employ,
And, bending with their load, invite

The reapers to their task of joy.

JUBILEE HYMN, FOR JUNE 16.

As Psalm 149.

[WRITTEN IN AMERICA.]

O come, let us sing,
Give thanks and rejoice,
To God, the great King,
With heart and with voice!
All honours and praises
To Jesus belong,
To Him the Church raises
Her Jubilee Song.

Again, in swift race

The years have sped round,
And still, in His grace,
Our blessings are found!

By seven times seven

He gives evermore,

For earth and for heaven

A bountiful store!

Oh well may the world

This year spread abroad

The legend unfurl'd

Of "Thanks to the Lord;"

Oh well may each nation

With brotherly voice

For Gospel Salvation

Together rejoice!

From England the Old

To England the New,

From Labrador's cold

To tropic Peru,

From Afric's Liberia

Till China be reach'd,

From Scinde to Siberia

The Gospel is preach'd!

And thrice in the sound
Of every tongue
All the world round
The trumpet hath rung:
Our Jubilee's warning
Proclaims from above
The blaze of the morning
Of Freedom and Love!

Ye freemen of light,
Ye peace-lovers all,
As brethren unite
On Jesus to call;
One fold and one Pastor,—
Oh now let us raise
To Thee, Blessed Master,
Our Jubilee praise!

JONAH AND THE EMIGRANT.

"If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."—Ps. exxxix. 9,10.

FAR from his heaven-appointed path
The prophet turns to fly,
Opposing to God's kindled wrath
His human sympathy.

In vain—true Ocean knows the cause,
With wiser instinct blest,
And to assert his Monarch's laws
Uprears his foaming crest.

"Fling out, fling out your hard-won wares"—
In vain—for still within
The doom'd offender lurks, and bears

The plague-spot of his sin.

The lot is cast by human hands,

But God's all-present will

Wild skirmishers of chance commands

His purpose to fulfil.

"Cast out the self-condemn'd," they said,
"Into the vengeful sea;
The doom be on the guilty head,
Our blameless bark be free!"

Restored to earth, repentant, bow'd
'Neath Heaven's far-reaching rod,
He warns you city's startled crowd,
"'Tis vain to flee from God."

Our ears, O Lord, have heard no voice,

No charge from Thee to roam,

Yet trust in Thee has ruled our choice

That leads us far from home.

Thy Providence our path has crost
'Mid scenes of want and woe;
We know Thou wouldst not have us lost,
And therefore we will go.

We trust in Thee our course to steer

Across the waters wide;

The Christian has no cause to fear,
Since Jesus walk'd the tide.

We trust that wheresoe'er we go,

Thy mercy will not sleep;

Thy way is in the sea, we know,

Thy path upon the deep!

The Prophet trembles and obeys

Thy present power—but we
Rejoice to feel Thy Spirit sways

The wild and boundless sea.

Guide us, O Lord, where'er we sail;

Land us where'er Thou wilt;

And grant, whene'er our hopes must fail,

It may not be from guilt.

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS.

What though you traveller's upward path be steep, And far away the long-sought mountain crest!

What though at times he fain would halt and rest, Heedless of coming night and slumber deep!

One downward glance on dreary wilds o'erpass'd, Where now the mist of night begins to spread;

One upward gaze upon that radiance cast Around his home that crowns the mountain's head; And lo! he mounts with swifter, firmer tread.

So let the pilgrim Church look back and see Her toilsome path of victory through the past; So let her mark her glorious destiny;—

Then on with gather'd strength rejoicing run,

Till all the kingdoms of the earth are won.

SCENE IN AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

- "I'm weary, mother, weary sore,
 With tossing on the sea,
 And it scares me so to hear it roar
 And come racing after me.
- "It races on, as if it tried

 To catch me for its prey,

 As it did the little boy who died,

 And we saw him sink away.
- "O mother! there's a pain all here,

 Which seems to split my head;

 And my hands are burning, mother dear,

 And my feet are cold as lead.

- "And a weight upon my eyelids lies,

 But I dare not shut them fast,

 For I dream that things with dreadful eyes

 Come flying round the mast.
- "O mother! let me lay me so
 Upon your neck and cry;
 For here there is not one, but you,
 Will care if I should die.
- "I'm longing for my cot at home,

 Where I used to lie and watch

 The martins with the sunrise come,

 And build beneath the thatch.
- "I'm longing for the primrose copse,

 And the sweet and new-mown hay,

 And the grass that glitter'd so with drops,

 And the blossom on the May.
- "And oh! some water, mother dear,

 For my throat is dry and sore,

 Some water from that runnel clear,

 That sparkled past the door.

"O mother! mother—take me back!"

And cold, and wan, and wild,

And anguish-stiff as on a rack,

The mother clasp'd her child.

She clasp'd it, as it moan'd and cried,

And storm-birds round it scream'd,—

She clasp'd it, till it gasp'd and died,—

And then she thought she dream'd.

She thought it all a dream—the deck,

The mast, the waves, the sky,

And that the cold clay on her neck

Would waken by and by.

And no! they dared not break the dream,

And tell her it was dust,

Until the dreadful moment came,

And tell it her they must.

And then that hideous shriek !—O God!

It rings upon my ear;

When standing by the church-yard sod,

And kneeling by the bier.

And as the Church like angel clad

In white, beside the grave,

Breathes hope till hearts with anguish mad,

Melt down, and cease to rave,

There comes a voice, that speaks of death,

And exiles far away

Dying, without that angel breath

By them to kneel and pray.

AN EMIGRANT'S DIRGE.

SLEEP, though the broad Atlantic water
Divides thee with its billowy foam—
Thee, Britain's own true-hearted daughter,
From this thy first, thy native home.

Sleep, where our Shakspere's tongue resoundeth,—
Where hearts are by his magic moved;
Sleep, where a nation's young heart boundeth
To watchwords which our Milton loved.

Sleep, where in long unrest, forsaking

The haunts and homes of English life,
A lonely Mourner's heart is aching

For thee, the matron, friend, and wife.

Sleep, where a sister's voice of wailing—
A still small voice, o'er ocean sent,
Above all alien sounds prevailing,
Shall lull thee with its low lament.

Sleep—from the wizard banks of Avon
A nameless poet bids thee sleep,
Where thy toss'd bark hath found a haven
From life's still vext tempestuous deep.

Sleep, till the trump of doom awake thee,

A Christian's crown, we trust, to win,

When pure the atoning blood shall make thee

From earth's last lingering taint of sin.

HENRY MARTYN AT SHIRAZ.*

A VISION of the bright Shiraz, of Persian bards the theme.

The vine with bunches laden hangs o'er the crystal stream;

The nightingale all day her notes in rosy thickets trills,

And the brooding heat-mist faintly lies along the distant hills,

* In consequence of his removal to a garden in the suburbs of the city, where his kind host had pitched a tent for him, he prosecuted the work before him uninterruptedly. Living amidst clusters of grapes by the side of a clear stream, and frequently sitting under the shade of an orange-tree, which Jafier Ali Khan delighted to point out to visitors, until the day of his own departure, he passed many a tranquil hour, and enjoyed many a Sabbath of holy rest and divine refreshment.—Life of H. Martyn, p. 362.

May 1st to 10th.—" Passed some days at Jafier Ali Khan's garden, with Mirza Seid Ali, Aga Baba, Sheikh Abulhassan, reading, at their request, the Old Testament histories. Their attention to the word, and their love and respect to me, seemed to increase as the time of my departure approached.

"Aga Baba, who had been reading St. Matthew, related very

- About the plain are scatter'd wide in many a crumbling heap,
- The fanes of other days, and tombs where Iran's poets sleep:*
- And in the midst, like burnish'd gems, in noonday light repose
- The minarets of bright Shiraz—the City of the Rose.
- One group beside the river bank in rapt discourse are seen,
- Where hangs the golden orange on its boughs of purest green;
- Their words are sweet and low, and their looks are lit with joy,
- Some holy blessing seems to rest on them and their employ.

circumstantially to the company the particulars of the death of Christ. The bed of roses on which we sat, and the notes of the nightingales warbling around us, were not so sweet to me as this discourse from the Persian."—Ibid. p. 417.

* The plain of Shiraz is covered with ancient ruins; and contains the tombs of the Persian poets Sadi and Hafiz.

- The pale-faced Frank among them sits: what brought him from afar?
- Nor bears he bales of merchandise, nor teaches skill in war:
- One pearl alone he brings with him—the Book of life and death,—
- One warfare only teaches he—to fight the fight of faith.
- And Iran's sons are round him,—and one, with solemn tone,
- Tells how the Lord of Glory was rejected by His own;
- Tells, from the wondrous Gospel, of the trial and the doom,
- The words divine of Love and Might,—the Scourge, the Cross, the Tomb!
- Far sweeter to the stranger's ear those Eastern accents sound,
- Than music of the nightingale that fills the air around:

- Lovelier than balmiest odours sent from gardens of the rose,
- The fragrance, from the contrite soul, and chastened lip that flows.
- The nightingales have ceased to sing—the rose's leaves are shed,
- The Frank's pale face in Tocat's field hath moulder'd with the dead:
- Alone and all unfriended, midst his Master's work he fell,
- With none to bathe his fever'd brow—with none his tale to tell.
- But still those sweet and solemn tones about him sound in bliss,
- And fragrance from those flowers of God for evermore is his:
- For his the meed, by grace, of those who, rich in zeal and love,
- Turn many unto righteousness, and shine as stars above.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

I LEAVE thee, dearest, for a while;

But leave thee with our God;

His sheltering arms are round us still,

At home, and when abroad.

I leave with thee our little ones,

The lovely, and the loved;

And if for only joy I sought,

My feet had never roved.

But He who gave and guards them still,

Has call'd me, as His own,

To bear His word to sinful men,

And lead them to His throne.

So must the Master's work be mine,

Till life's brief day is o'er;

I dare not love thee, dear, so well,

Loved I not Jesus more.

DIRGE.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

- Thou art gone from us, my brother, there is dust upon thy brow,
- And coldness in that kindly heart, which ne'er was cold till now;
- And sweet and undisturb'd thy rest, beneath the chancel stone,
- Where pious hands thy couch have spread, and left thee there alone.
- Thou art taken from us, brother, all thy cares and labours done,
- When, to our short-reaching vision, they had seem'd but just begun;

- And long before its noon was reach'd, thy heavenenkindled ray
- Was lost, as stars by sunlight fade, in cloudless endless day.
- Thou art torn from us, my brother, and our hearts are bleeding still;
- Yet, taught by thee, in silence bow to Heaven's all-righteous will;
- And bless the grace which, to thy life, such holy radiance gave
- To cheer us, while on earth we walk, and light us through the grave.
- Thou art gone before us, brother, yet we have no tears to shed,
- For we know that thou art number'd with the blessed holy dead;
- And in that continuing city, to which we may fail to come,
- Hast found, through faith in Christ our Lord, a welcome, and a home.

DEATH OF AN AGED MISSIONARY BISHOP.

The good old man is gone!

He lies in his saintly rest,

And his labours all are done,

And the work that he loved the best:

The good old man is gone!

But the dead in the Lord are blest.

I stood in the holy aisle

When he spake the solemn word

That bound him, through care and toil,

The servant of the Lord:

And I saw how the depth of his manly soul

By that sacred oath was stirr'd.

And nobly his pledge he kept:

For the truth he stood up alone;

And his spirit never slept;

And his march was ever, on:

Oh, deep and long shall his loss be wept,

The brave old man that's gone!

There were heralds of the cross

By his bed of death that stood,

And heard how he counted all but loss

For the gain of his Saviour's blood;

And patiently waited his Master's voice,

Let it call him when it would.

The good old man is gone!

An apostle's chair is void;

There is dust on his mitre thrown;

They have broken his pastoral rod;

And the fold of his love he has left alone,

To account for its care to God.

The wise old man is gone!

His honour'd head lies low;

And his thoughts of power are done,

And his voice's manly flow;

And the pen that for truth, like a sword, was drawn,

Is still and soulless now.

The brave old man is gone!

With his armour on he fell;

Nor a groan nor a sigh was drawn,

When his spirit fled, to tell:

For mortal sufferings, keen and long,

Had no power his heart to quell.

The good old man is gone!

He is gone to his saintly rest,

Where no sorrow can be known,

And no trouble can molest:

For his crown of life is won,

And the dead in Christ are blest.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. vi. 14.

FLING out the Banner! Let it float,
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
The Sun, that lights its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the Banner! Angels bend,
In anxious silence, o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonders of the love divine.

Fling out the Banner! Heathen lands
Shall see, from far, the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding, to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the Banner! Sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the Banner! Let it float,
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

Fling out the Banner! wide and high,
Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours,
We conquer only in that sign!

AMERICAN MISSIONS.

Lord, when Thou didst come from Heaven,
Edom sought Thee, from afar,
With her gold and incense given,
By the leading of a star;
Westward then, from Eden guiding,
Was the light of Bethlehem shed;
Like the pillar'd blaze abiding
O'er the wandering Hebrew's head.

Westward still, the world alluring,

Hath the risen Day-Star beam'd,

And, the sinking soul assuring,

O'er the world's wide ocean stream'd.

Westward still, the midnight breaking,
Westward still, its light be pour'd!
Heathen Thy possession making,
Utmost lands Thy dwelling, Lord!

Westward, where from giant fountains,
Oregon comes down in flood,
Westward to Missouri's mountains,
Or to wild Iowa's wood:
Where the broad Arkansas goeth,
Winding o'er savannahs wide;
Where, beyond old Huron, floweth
Many a strong eternal tide.

Westward, where the waving prairie
Dark as slumbering ocean lies,
Let Thy starlight, Son of Mary,
O'er the shadow'd billows rise!
There, be heard, ye herald voices,
Till the Lord His glory shows,
And the lonely place rejoices
With the bloom of Sharon's rose.

Where the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward, in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God:
Westward—till the Church be kneeling
In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wild-wood's arches pealing
With the people's holy hymn!

Westward, still, O Lord, in glory
Be Thy banner'd cross unfurl'd,
Till from vale to mountain hoary,
Rolls the anthem round the world;
Reign, oh reign o'er every nation,
Reign, Redeemer, Father, King,
And with songs of Thy salvation
Let the wide creation ring!

ST. PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

HE turn'd him to the people: old and young,
Graceful as groups in sculpture, round him hung.
Beyond, were crested helms—the bold array
Of some proud hearts whom chance had brought
that way:

Next came the wond'ring citizen: more near,
The mantled sage in attitude to hear.

A mother, next, her clam'rous babe beguiled,
And whisper'd words, and drew it close, and smiled.
While still the foremost, infant children press'd,—
Lambs of the fold impatient to be bless'd!
As if they saw, through Heaven's high gate, the band
Of infant martyrs wave a beckoning hand:
As if, prophetic, (for such things have been,)
They read, at once, that saintly brow serene!
Drank the glad tidings which his lip prepares,
And knew the message was for hearts like theirs!

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH.

Why sit ye thus, ye craven souls, beneath the greenwood tree?

Is this a time for listless ease or wanton revelry?

Hark! hear ye not the trumpet's call, the boding battle-cry?

Behold the armies of our God! His chariot draweth nigh.

Arise and gird yourselves for war, count all beside but loss,

Ye who are reckon'd Christian men, and soldiers of the Cross!

The foemen of your King are strong, and eager in the fight,

Up! join His banner, quit yourselves like faithful men of might! Not alien hosts of earth alone uplift the rebel hand,

Amidst their ranks with sword and spear the powers of darkness stand;

Yet fear ye not, for mightier forms amongst the faithful glide,

E'en such as gather'd round the seer who humbled Syria's pride.

Soon must the fiery warfare cease, for eventide is nigh;

Soon shall the last loud trumpet wake the song of victory;

The Lord of Hosts o'er earth and hell Omnipotent shall reign;

E'en now His coming glory beams along the battle plain.

Then everlasting joy to those who toil and struggle well;

But woe to them who shall be found amongst the ranks of hell;

And deeper woe to all who bear the Christian panoply,

And do not fight, but lie at ease beneath the green-wood tree.

THE CHURCHMAN'S RALLYING CRY,

TO ONE WHO THOUGHT IT HOPELESS TO LABOUR

ANY MORE FOR THE CHURCH.

T

CRAVEN! craven! What if Greece—
What if Sparta's victim band—
When the Persian bridged the seas,
Drank the floods, devour'd the land,
What if they had raised the cry,
"All is hopeless—let us fly!"

II.

What, if when the Powers of Hell
Thunder'd round the martyr's stake,
Fire, and steel, and dungeon cell,
Limbs to rack, and hearts to break;
What if he from faith had reel'd—
Sighing "Vanquish'd—let us yield!"

III.

Craven! craven! by the look*

Pharaoh's wheels which overthrew;

By the pebbles from the brook

Which the mail'd Goliath slew;

By the trumpet-blast, whereat

Fell the idle ramparts flat;

IV.

By the faltering monarch, stamping
Freedom from Hazael's sword;
By the fiery chariots camping
Round the Hermit of the Lord;
By the Archangel's midnight breath,
Breathing proud Assyria's death;—

V.

And oh! most by that confession

Witness'd once at Pilate's throne,

By that bloody cross and passion

Which have made the world His own;

By that arm which rules the sphere,—

Craven spirit! darest thou fear?

VI.

Rouse thee! though all ills accurst
Gather'd round, thy soul to scare,
Though the troops of Hell had burst
Loose to shout that lie, despair;
Though the world had fled, and none
Left to help, but God alone—

VII.

As the earth beneath thee crumbles,
And the stars their cressets bow,
And around all chaos tumbles,
Victor still, if victim thou.
Victor, if, while millions fly,
Thou canst witness bear and die!

THE LONELY GRAVE.

The silence of a southern day,

When all the air is sick with heat,
O'er forest leagues that stretch away
Before the traveller's weary feet!—

He sees no restive leaflets quiver,

No glancing rays that meet, and part;

The very beat of the broad river

Is even as a silent heart.

And strange-shaped flowers of gorgeous dyes,

Unmoved by any wandering breeze,

Look out with their great scarlet eyes,

And watch him from the giant trees.

Surely no brother of his race

Came ere before to these wild woods,

To startle with his pallid face

The brightness of their solitudes.

And yet the path before him breaks

Across the tangled thicket drear,

A straighter track than wild beast makes,

Or antelope that bounds in fear.

And as he moves there seems to spring
In his soul's depth, a consciousness—
As though some other living thing
Were with him in the wilderness.

The pathway broadens—and behold

In the wood's heart, a chamber hewn,

Where dryad of the days of old

Had loved to come and rest at noon.

Or if but England's sky were bent,

And yonder turf were not so brown,

The fairies might hold parliament,

At night when stars were raining down.

And in the midst a little mound,

As it had been a small child's grave,

With the green tendrils twisted round

Of plant whence purple blossoms wave.

Calm sleep the dead within the church,
Where simple voices sing and pray;
And calm beyond the ivied porch
Where village children pause to play.

Their bed is blest—their dirge was sung— Their dust is with their fathers' dust; But sure his heart was sorely wrung, Who here could leave his dead in trust.

The lonely wanderer pass'd in haste,—

"It is a fearful spot," he saith,

"There is no life in all the waste,

And yet this shrine of human death."

Yea! life is near—a thin blue wreath

Comes curling through the foliage dark,

A settler's hut lies hid beneath,

And now he hears the watch-dog's bark.

Bright gleam'd the exile's lustrous eye;

No stranger to his haunts had come,

While year by year, that forest high,

Hung changeless o'er his lonely home.

Long time were greeting hands entwined,

Long time they cheer'd the social board,

With many an earnest question kind,

And eager answer freely pour'd,

But when the sun's great heat was quell'd

Beneath the western ocean's wave,

The stranger's hand the exile held,

And led him to the forest grave.

There, while the round moon rose afar,

Making the listener's face look pale,

While one by one broke each bright star

Unmark'd, he told his simple tale.

"Green glow the valleys of the west,

Bright bound the streams of dark Tyrone,

There, are my father's bones at rest,

Where I shall never lay mine own.

- "Here drowsy nature lies asleep,

 Crush'd by her own abundant treasure,

 But there her restless pulses leap

 For ever to a changeful measure,
- "To moaning of the fitful gale

 Through hollows in the purple hill,

 To rivers rattling down the vale,

 Short showers, and sunbeams shorter still.
- "Ours was a lonely mountain place,
 Girt round with berried rowan trees;
 Good Sir, the wind on that hill's face—
 It would not let them grow like these.
- "But looking down the mountain base

 We saw the white church by the river,

 And we could hear, when winds were fair,

 O'er the low porch the one bell quiver.
- "And though the path was hard to climb,

 Across the bog, and up the brae,

 God's minister came many a time,

 Nor ever blamed the rugged way.

- "Ah me! it is a woful thing

 Never to hear one holy word,

 Till sparks that else might heavenward spring,

 Die out for want of being stirr'd.
- "The world was round us all the week—
 Hard work was ours from morn till even—
 The words that good man used to speak,
 Brought to our souls a glimpse of Heaven.
- "A wife I had; no truer breast

 Ere shared a poor man's grief and joy;

 Nor wanted in our mountain nest

 Love's dearest pledges—girl, and boy.
- "Two died and left me—first, alas!

 The mother went, and then the son.

 Ah well! the hallow'd churchyard grass

 Grows over them—God's will be done!
- "And Rose and I were left alone,

 A six-year child without a mother:

 And still," he said, "though she is gone,

 We are alone with one another.

- "In thought my comrade all day long,

 She creeps into my dreams at night—

 The burden of a wordless song,

 An image true to all but sight.
- "Ever a short low cough I hear—
 There lies in mine a thin small hand—
 Or a voice singeth in mine ear,
 The voice that haunted the old land,
- "When that brave mountain breeze of ours,
 That dash'd the scent from golden furze,
 And swept across the heather flowers,
 Touch'd not a brighter cheek than her's.
- "Why tell again the tale of tears

 Told by a thousand hearts before,

 The anguish of those famine years,

 The useless toil, the straiten'd store?
- "How of the land we loved forsaken,
 And spurn'd from off her blighted face,
 We dared the dark deep tempest-shaken,
 And found an exile's resting-place.

- "Who lauds the lily's silver crown,

 He little thinks how night by night

 From Heaven's great heart the dews dropp'd down

 That fed its leaves of dazzling white.
- "Little ye care at home to scan

 How good insensibly is cherish'd,

 How holy habits form the man,

 And souls without their dew have perish'd.
- "How heeding not God's blessèd day,
 All days grow godless as they fall,
 And he who has no hour to pray,
 Forgets at last to pray at all.
- "How sever'd from each symbol rite,

 By Heaven to human weakness lent,

 Each pledge of things beyond the sight,

 Worship, and priest, and sacrament,
- "We wander'd through a weary plain,
 Where our souls fainted as we trod,
 No golden link in labour's chain,
 No sweet seventh day for rest and God.

- "Still round the child there hung a spell,
 Of old traditionary rule,
 Of texts the Pastor used to tell,
 And hymns she learnt at Sunday-school.
- "My heart has bled to hear her sing,
 Or lisp 'Our Father' at her play,
 And but it was so strange a thing,
 I could myself have knelt to pray.
- "Let summer winds blow wild at will,

 New buds will deck earth's wasted bosom;

 Oh, death! thy blast was sterner still—

 It tore away my only blossom.
- "It would have moved a heart of stone

 To see how fast my darling faded,

 As a young olive dies alone,

 By forest trees too closely shaded.
- "And as she wither'd, form, and feature,

 The smooth round cheek, the dimpled chin,

 It seem'd her spiritual nature

 Glow'd with a stronger life within.

- "The struggling soul look'd through the bars
 Of those blue eyes so strangely bright—
 Sweet eyes, they burn'd like two young stars,
 Before the moon is up at night.
- "And she would tell me more and more,

 About the things she learn'd of old,

 As memory open'd all her store,

 When sickness found the key of gold.
- "'Twas after a long day of pain,

 When the night fell, her brain grew weak,

 The fever burn'd along her vein,

 And strew'd false roses on her cheek.
- "I watch'd beside her in the gloom,
 I counted every short thick breath;
 There was another in the room,
 Keeping watch too—and that was Death.
- "I saw the red moon through the trees,
 I heard afar the wild dog crying;
 That her sweet soul was ill at ease,
 I knew; she was so long of dying.

- "And, 'Call the Rector, father dear,'

 Loud in the noon of night, she said,
 'I cannot go until I hear

 A prayer beside my dying bed.'
- "Then would she sleep—oh that long night,
 How slow it went, and yet how fast!
 While waver'd on her life's pale light,
 And flicker'd, and went out at last.
- "'Will he not come?' she cried again,

 Then—God forgive me that I lied—

 'He cometh, darling, up the glen,'

 I answer'd,—and she smiled and died."

A CALL.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

In thy sire's ancestral hall?

Thou with blazon'd name undying

Scroll'd upon that scutcheon'd wall!

Thou too pure for youth's wild wassail!

Thou too wise for Mammon's bliss!

Thou too proud to drudge, the vassal

Of a rabble's shout and hiss!

Young, yet sated young with pleasure;
Sick of life, yet loth to die;
And with wilds of dreariest leisure
Sadd'ning in thine aimless eye!

No war trump from sloth to wake thee,

No bright dream of truth to wile;

No broad birthright lands to make thee—

Heir of feudal rights and toil.

What shall rouse thee? Want to-morrow?

No! too safe thy treasured store!

Wife's affection,—children's sorrow?

Darest thou love, if love be poor?

Oh! as sad we sigh above thee,

Blushing for thy wasting days,—

We that honour'd, we that love thee;

What thy palsied soul shall raise?

Hark! thy call! it comes from yonder

Banners of thy princely race,

From yon towers, that wont to thunder

Battle o'er their feudal chase.

From the mail-clad knights that moulder
Where thy bold forefathers rest,
From the heirloom fires that smoulder
Still in thy degen'rate breast.

Hark! it calls thee—"Thou to slumber
Drooping dull a recreant head!
Thou the weary earth to cumber—
Thou for whom we fought and bled!

- "Thou no talent! thou no mission!

 Hast thou not thy chieftain name?

 And thy nature's young ambition,

 And our centuries of fame?
- "And the blood that thrills within thee,
 And a childhood school'd for sway,
 And bright mem'ries old to win thee
 Hearts, which nothing mean obey:—
- "Rouse thee! lo, along the margin

 Of you sun-bright palmy strand,

 Fleets their freight of life discharging,

 Life-blood for a new-born land.
- "Sinewy youth and manhood flying,
 Some from famine, some from shame—
 Lawless, bondless, guideless—crying
 For a chieftain's voice and name;

- "Crying, 'Onwards! we can labour,

 Make you desert's wealth our own,

 Launch the forest, sweep the sabre,

 Found a giant empire's throne;—
- "'Now that burst the chains which gall'd us,
 Sea-sunk all our shame and crime,
 And the dark despair which thrall'd us
 Fled beneath a brighter clime.
- "'England's heritage of ages,

 England's freedom, England's law,

 And her voice of seers and sages,

 And her eye to cheer and awe—
- "'All that moulded England's glory,—
 Manhood, faith, and Church,—are here:
 All but those, her gems of story,
 England's Prince and England's Peer.
- "'Oh, that some young heart were hearing
 Not a fopling spiced and curl'd,
 From his silken dalliance sneering
 At the heart-strings of a world;

- "'But a soul like God's uplifted

 High—too high to scoff or scorn,

 With the palms of others gifted,

 As for others' blessing born.
- "'One nursed deep in dreams of beauty,
 Crown'd for martyrdom of self,
 Crown'd to float the flag of duty
 Proudly o'er the slaves of pelf.
 - "'Oh, for some bold arm to wave us
 On to fame with honour's thrill!
 Oh, for birthright rule to save us
 From our own wild wayward will;
 - "'One bright name to root our glory
 In the sepulchres of old;
 One which, crown'd with years and hoary,
 We might rev'rence, 'stead of gold;
 - "'One chief's heart our hearts to gather
 Round his own—the ruled, yet free!
 One to be our King and Father!'—
 Slumb'rer! slumb'rer! art thou he?"

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

When warm the flashing firelight falls,

In gleams along the curtain'd room,

While loud without the tempest calls,

And cold rain splashes through the gloom,—

Oh, housed, and fed, and at thine ease,
Think of the fireless, houseless poor,
Who wander forth on nights like these,
And shiver by the rich man's door.

When hearts with high devotion glow,

As swells the pealing anthem higher,

When words of peace are breathing low,

Or sweetly sings the village choir,—

Oh, blest, baptized, redeemed soul,

Think of the churchless, homeless hearts,
Who stand without, where sin-storms roll,

Wrapt in the gloom that ne'er departs.

Think, and let thought to action spring,

Lest thine heart sear'd, forget to hear;

So bells at midnight come to ring

Unheard of him that slumbers near.

For worse than hunger, worse than need,
As heaven is greater far than earth,
As endless years our time exceed,
Is the soul's spiritual dearth.

The poor man crieth day by day,

And thou hast bread, and golden store,—

The Heathen fainteth far away,

While Heaven's good gifts are running o'er

The bread, who eats, shall never die,

The cup, who tastes, no more shall crave;
Oh, that a brother's soul should lie

Within thy power to leave, or save!

That bread upon the waters cast

Thou yet shalt find in many days,

When Christ's great throne is set at last,

And to the right-hand sheep He says:—

"Ye found Me naked, hungry, cold,
Ye gave Me meat, and led Me home
Here is your place, prepared of old;
Ye blessed of My Father, come."

WHO MAKETH THEE TO DIFFER FROM ANOTHER?

While over hills and wooded dells

A sound of praise and blessing comes,

As morn and eve the village bells

Make sweet church music round our homes,

Bright homes there are in many a clime,
With hills and dales as fair as ours,
That never heard one church-bell chime,
Nor breathed the peace of sabbath hours.

While night by night we kneel to pray,
And say, "Thy kingdom come," O Lord,
And consecrate the closing day,
With heavenly thought, and holy word,

Dark deeds of heathen men are done,

For rites impure by moonlight met,

Who never heard of God's dear Son,

To whom His kingdom comes not yet.

Those sweet bright stars that wandering by,

Touch silver white the old church spire,

Have heard the human victim's cry,

Or paled before the mystic fire.

You breaking sun by cloudlets veil'd,

That tracks the east with golden lines,
Has heard when loud the Moslem hail'd,

Or flash'd the gold on idol shrines.

No glorious sight, no pleasant sound,

But hath a discord mingling there,

Some token of corruption found,

A thought for grief, a thought for prayer.

On every breeze a warning floats,

Of power to stir a Christian soul;

Who misses one of nature's notes,

Shall fail to harmonize the whole.

All blessings of the heart, and eye,
In part their holy purpose lose,
If in our souls they wake no cry
For those who want them, or abuse.

A LAY OF THE JUBILEE.

T.

From the shrine where England's monarchs
In marble silence sleep,
From each long aisle of the storied pile,
Whose arches o'er them sweep;
There rises a glorious anthem,
And the echoes come and go,
O'er the kings' graves, like musical waves,
Heaving soft and low.

II.

But soon more loudly rises,

More deeply rolls the chant;

Higher and higher, till tower and spire

Thrill with the jubilant.

The relics of the mighty dead

Quiver beneath the song;

It seems as if the hallow'd tones

Linger'd amid the deep carved stones,

The rapture to prolong.

III.

Why wake the holy voices

Within that pillar'd choir?

Why strikes another Asaph

The concords of his lyre?

Why haste th' expectant thousands,

Thronging the royal fane,

As though the world-wide ocean's queen

Were to be crown'd again?

IV.

'Tis not to swear allegiance,

Firm that hath always stood;

'Tis not to wreathe the ivory brow

Of imperial womanhood;

'Tis not for this they gather,

The matron, child, and bride;

The priestly host, with solemn tread,

Pausing upon each hero's bed,

The old and young, the quick and dead,

Roll'd in one mingling tide.

V.

Libation to the King of kings,

They pour the anthem loud;

To Him, Whose arm salvation brings,

Bends the adoring crowd.

Bared that right arm hath been,

To hurl the idols down,

And fresh from depths of heathendom,

The ransom'd souls by myriads come,

And their Deliverer own!

VI.

All Holy and Almighty,

The Father and the Word:

Thee we adore and magnify,

Bless'd Spirit of the Lord.

For in the valley of vision,

Thy wind mysterious blows,

And from the shade of pagan death,

Rous'd by the strange o'erpowering breath

Man's spirit wakes and grows.

VII.

From Labrador and Greenland,
And Capetown's sunny oaks;
And where in many an ocean isle
The rumbling crater smokes;
From New Zealand's lava mountains;
From Niger's burning shores;
From where the sandal islands
Send forth their fragrant stores;
From the hills where the shorn Chine
The rising sun behold,
To the western prairie where he sets,
And folds his robe of gold;
From the huts of Tinnevelly,
From the palace of Tanjore,

From groves, where once the idol car
Roll'd red in human gore;
From the cinnamon forests of Kandy,
From Borneo's pirate coast,
The saints of God are gathering,
The Church's militant host!

VIII.

All Holy and Almighty,

The Father and the Son;

And the Spirit Co-Eternal,

And Co-equal, the Three-One!

Thou art the King of Glory,

O Christ, and thus to Thee,

Mingling with strains of cherubim,

Full-toned shall rise the solemn hymn,

The lay of Jubilee.

IX.

Watchman, what of the night?

The night of pagan woe?

The morning dawns; with purple light

The eastern mountains glow.

And beautiful are the feet, The feet of those who bring The tidings of Redemption glad, To men who sit in darkness sad, Like captives sorrowing. In many a land of error Those sacred feet have trod, And borne o'er many a threshold, The blessed Book of God. From the bleak and icy northland To the pathway of the sun, Where right o'er head his beams are shed, Those herald feet have run! And as the Church's sentinels Watch sleepless on her towers, Their gladden'd eye afar shall trace, The beauteous footsteps keeping pace, Still with the circling hours.

X.

Within his house of ice blocks,

Crouches the Esquimaux

His spirit shrinks as through the chinks He marks the drifting snow; O'er steaming fields of rice, The deadly sunbeams quiver; The ghastly peasant fades and dies, By Ganges' sacred river; In the moisture of the jungle, Fevers, like reptiles, hide, The unburied corpses carry Corruption with the tide; But bitter though that winter's cold And fierce that summer sun, Hindoo alike and Esquimaux Shall soon the Saviour's mercy know, Shall soon to Christ be won.

XI.

Such was the swelling strain

That rose like incense cloud,

When in the minster's hoary fane

The thronging thousands bow'd:

It rose with roar redundant,

Filling the depths profound,

The infinite gloom of crypt and tomb,

With rapturous waves of sound.

XII.

To the West of the broad ocean,

A wondrous land appears;

Along two thousand miles of coast,

Its sons two hundred cities boast,

Built in two hundred years;

New York, the Saxon Venice,

And Boston's varied lore,

And the proud town that long shall own

The English name of Burlington,

Or generous Baltimore.

XIII.

Those builders are our brothers,

A common sire they own,

And long may they to England come,

As children seek their father's home,

Still loving, though full grown,

Sons of the Church of England,

Long may they chant her song,

And from her grand old Bible learn

The stately English tongue.

XIV.

Like harps to harps replying,

The distant echoes swim,

Along the deep, and through the air,

Of holy voices here and there,

Responsive to our hymn.

From the ramparts of Quebec,

From Norman Montreal,

From Erie, Kingston, and the shore

That listens to the sleepless roar

Of loud Niagara's fall.

XV.

From Toronto, the new city,

Time's youngest, fairest daughter,

Where yesterday beside the flood,

The unbroken lines of forest stood,

O'ershadowing the green water.

Still lives the old apostle,

Who saw the busy feet,

Of sturdy woodmen thronging

The log-encumber'd street;

Who heard the joy-bells ringing

From out the branching pine,

When first arose beneath its boughs

The Church's simple shrine.

XVI.

And further still and further,

To where the Red men roam,

Where buffaloes like whirlwinds sweep,

Where famish'd hunters round them creep,

And trappers fix their home.

To the Isles of Manitoulin,

Where Indian converts kneel,

Down the mighty Mississippi,

To Charleston and Mobile.

And South and East and Westward,
From Fundy's inmost Bay,
To where the peasants only know
The priests and rites of Mexico,
In Spanish Santa Fé.

XVII

And is all this a vision,

A fond and baseless dream?

A web of weary words unreal,

That are not what they seem?

Shall they be true of conquest,

And faction's fierce debate,

And the tricks whereby the plotter

Kindles a nation's hate?

But false of the Church's yearnings,

And false of the Church's prayer,

Because the world can catch no note

Of heavenly voices as they float

Along the tremulous air.

XVIII

True faith with its mighty working
Shall open the eye of the seer;
True love with its key of knowledge
Shall unlock the deaf man's ear;
Then far over hill and valley,
Group'd around many a spire,
That eye shall mark unearthly forms,
Chariot and horse of fire:
While to the spirit's well-tuned ear,
By childlike love is given,
In litany and laud to hear
The white-wing'd angels wafting near
Some scatter'd notes of heaven.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

(FOR SINGING.)

Sweet Light of Heaven, Whose rays were given
To lighten once the Gentile hosts,
Break through the clouds 'twixt them and Heaven,
And gild afar their darken'd coasts.

Warm Light of Heaven, whose kindling powers
Can touch to life the coldest clay,
Shine in, till these dull hearts of ours

Glow with Thy love for souls, to-day.

Strong Light of Heaven, all shades dispelling,
Shine round thine earth from shore to shore,
Till souls in Heathen darkness dwelling
See the great Light, and grope no more.

Dear Light of Heaven, the souls lie shrouded

For whom Thy rays were earthward cast,

Break through their night with beams unclouded,

And brighten all Thine earth at last.

THY KINGDOM COME.

(FOR SINGING.)

Eastward, and West, the Saviour spread,
Upraised in death His piercèd hands,
The token that His blood was shed
To save the men of many lands.

Oh, be that presence here to-day,

And all our hearts within us move,

That to the heathen far away

We tell a Saviour's dying love.

The thing most precious 'neath the Heaven,

The blood of God's Incarnate Son,

A costly ransom price was given

For souls that wander still unwon.

Oh Saviour, send Thy tidings forth,

And teach our hands to scatter wide,

Till East, and West, and South, and North,

Thy travail pangs be satisfied.

'THE GOOD CHURCH SHIP."

(See the Bishop of Newfoundland's Journal.)

Nor by the murmur of the many rills

Which flow and fall into his mountain streams;

Not in the shadow of his native hills,

The furthest limits of his boyhood's dreams,

He counts the weary miles.

Toss'd in his bark upon the restless wave
Of old Atlantic's ever-changing tide,
By the proud billows which incessant rave,
And madly beat against the rocky side
Of cold and cheerless isles.

No shepherds, wandering by the mountain ridge,
On summer morning, greet him as they pass;
No peasants linger on the rustic bridge;
No rosy child smiles welcome; no bright lass
Curtseys a shy "Good-day."

No sturdy miners, when their work is done,

Shout o'er the caves and down the glens, "Good-night

No weary reapers, by the setting sun

Throw long dark shadows in the fading light,

Upon their homeward way.

Ah! none of these bring old familiar sounds,
Saving in dreams, unto their pastor dear:
The rocky coast his straining vision bounds,
And Ocean's mournful murmurs fill his ear
As evening draweth on.

Still hath he heart to drown the saddening sounds
With the sweet music of his Fatherland;
The hallow'd hymns long sung on English ground
Now raised rejoicing by a little band
For Israel lost and won.

Blow winds! roar waves! and beat around the walls
Of the stout vessel which our Bishop steers;
God will be with us: not unheeded falls
Unto the ground one sparrow. Hush the fears
And homesick sighs of some!

Our little Church rides o'er the angry wave

Triumphant, as our Mother-Church hath done.

Oh! consecrated guide, and leader brave,

God keep and comfort thee!—More hearts than one

Breathe the same prayer at home!

THE PARTING.

No, not with weeping! Lo! her hand

Is waving from her golden throne!

She will not quit her ocean strand

Till once again she bless her own.—

Bless us, and bid us not depart

With tearful eyes and sinking heart.

O England! Mother! England dear!

Look on us with thy calm bright eye,
And let us feel thy fondness near,
In this our parting agony;
And we will dash our tears away,
And part as sons of England may.

Oh, tell the world we have not fled

Wild wand'rers from thy glorious home,

To hide a branded, sensual head,

Where brutes, and men embruted, roam;
Cast out like some infectious corse,
Or scourged to exile by remorse.

Oh, tell the world that we are still

Thine own, thy children,—that we go
To bear thy flag, thy laws, thy will

Where seas 'neath other planets flow,
And that our sorrowing throng contains
An infant England in its veins.

Oh, bless us, bless us! When the brave
Are sent to launch thy bolts of war,
To sweep the foemen from thy wave,
Or burst some nation's dungeon bar,
Hast thou not blessings, songs of praise
And prayers their parting thoughts to raise?

And hast thou none for us alike?

O England! Mother! could'st thou tell

What anguish-pangs in silence strike

The boldest heart that bids farewell,

Or hear the prayers which o'er the sea

Burning and craving yearn to thee!

O England, Mother! ere the sail

Loose in the hurrying breeze should flap,
Sad as we stood, and lone, and pale,

Thy voice would call us to thy lap,
And bow'd at altars thou would'st shed
God's blessing on thy children's head.

And there from hallow'd lips should fall
Thy words of warning, words of love,
Telling of England's pride, and all
Her glorious deeds enroll'd above,
That we that heritage unmarr'd,
As ours, in distant climes might guard.

And they should mind us, (though the tears

Each struggling word might choke and mar,)

That Heaven embraces all the spheres,

And God's own eye is every where,

And no—not worlds can part or dim

The loves which are bound up in him.

So be it soon! Yet now, e'en now,
Across the cliffs, across the swell,
Mix'd with the dashings of our prow,
Come chimes of many a village bell.
And we can close our eyes, and be
In those blest village fanes with thee.

With thee, with thee! for thine the prayer

For all who toil, or want, or weep,

For Christ's own flock in every sphere,

For all who travel—land or deep.

O Mother! for that village bell

We thank thee, bless thee! Fare thee well!

THE IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Half the long night, my children, I lie waking,

Till the dawn rustles in the old thorn-tree,

Then dream of you, while the red morn is breaking,

Beyond that broad salt sea.

In this poor room, where many a time the measure
Of your low regular breathing, in mine ear,
Brought to my listening heart a keener pleasure
Than any music clear—

Here, where your soft heads in my bosom laying,
Ye nestled with your hearts to my heart prest,
And I have felt your little fingers playing
All night around my breast.

On the brown hill side, where so oft together,
Roaming forth idly, when our work was done,
We heard the moor fowl in the purple heather,
Crowing at set of sun.

I am alone—still on my threshold lieth

The shadow of the thorn ye play'd beneath,

Still, to her mate, at eve, the brown bird crieth,

Out of the lonely heath.

But in my desolate home no sound of laughter,

And by my dreary hearth no daughter's face,

I watch the black smoke curling round the rafter,

I see each empty place.

How could ye leave me? Did ye think a mother Was natured like a bird in summer's prime? Who leaves her young brood, hopeful of another In the next glad spring-time.

They tell me your new home is rich, and sunny,

More than this dwelling on the mountain cold,

Fair as the land that flow'd with milk and honey,

In the great book of old.

They tell me flowers most beautiful are blowing

Out on your waysides, in your common trees;

But will ye find the mother's love there growing,

Ye gave for things like these?

And some have told me souls are never parted,

Faith leads us all unto the same bright Heaven,

Nor meet it is that woman, christian-hearted,

To such wild grief be given.

Ah! but I know in that bright land are wanting,
On Sunday morn, the sweet church-calling bell,
The pastoral word, the gather'd voices chanting
Hymns that ye loved so well.

The cares of this great world, its toils, its beauty,
Will dim your eyes, and grow about your heart,
And shut out heavenly hope and Christian duty,
And every better part.

The prayers we pray'd together at God's alta.,

The creed ye lisp'd into my ear at night,

The verses that I taught your lips to falter,

Will be forgotten quite.

Ah me! could I but think those lips were making,
In some far church, the vows they used to pour,
I could lie down without this wild heart aching,
Lest we should meet no more.

Sad mother! for the visible presence pining
Of eyes that smile, and lips that fondly move,
Things that like dewy nights, and bright suns shining,
Nurse the sweet flowers of love.

But sadder far, when the wild waves that sever,
Sing to her ear, in one foreboding strain,
"We part you now, but must ye part for ever?"
Echoing the heart's dull pain.

A THOUGHT FOR PARTING.

No, not a word! Thou shalt not speak

Of home, of friends, of days gone by;

Nor let one choking thought reseek

The graves, where those lov'd ashes lie.

I know it all, and they shall be

Still tended, cherish'd—as by thee.

And when we stand upon the deck

Before the vessel slips from land,

We will not hang about the neck,

We will not grasp and wring the hand;

We will not pray,—I could not dare

Name e'en that blessed Saviour there.

No! we will talk on things of earth,—
Of motes in sunbeams; yea, forsooth,
Of shapeless fancies that have birth
Deep in the cavern'd wells of truth.
Only beware no word betrays
How thus we talk'd in happier days.

And risk no false enforced smile,

But guard thy throat and quivering lip;

And touch me not, nor look the while:

Lest with one drop the flood should sweep

Above its dyke, and all should fail

In one wild burst of woe and wail.

No! we will cold and senseless part;

And the rude sailors shall look on,

And wonder that a human heart

In brothers can so hard have grown.

O dearest, best! they little know

What love, what grief is pent below.

They know not how at dead of night,

When the dark Future bares its power,

There comes in anguish and affright

The vision of that parting hour,

Till shuddering I have sought and known

How best to turn our hearts to stone.

For we are men:—O brother, who,

Sent by his King to field of strife

To fight, to rule, to teach, to do,

Will dare to waste his springs of life

In tears of weakness, or to crush

His spear into a broken rush?

And when on some unguarded day

Bursts forth that anguish unsubdued,

Be it, where each may lie and pray

Unseen in some deep solitude.

Oh weep not, weep not, when we part,

Lest weeping break a brother's heart.

ENGLISH EMIGRATION.

I.

All life that lives to thrive

Must sever from its birthplace, and its rest;

Bees from the swarming hive,

Foals from their dam, and eaglets from their nest.

Steel must the sapling lop,

Before in earth its fibres new will root;

Mast from the oak-tree drop,

Ere forest-monarchs from the seed can shoot.

Burst must the prison'd springs

From cavern-wells, ere armèd fleets they bear;

And wandering are the wings

That waft through heaven the summer-breathing Air.

Far from the fount of light

The thousand tinted rays which flush the world;

Far from their quarries bright

The gems that glitter in the crown impearl'd.

E'en golden stars, they say,

Were shower'd in sparkles from their parent sun,

And death its grasp would lay

On worlds, in nearer orbits should they run.

The embryo from the womb,

The infant from its mother's breast, is won;

The boy must weep from home,

And manhood raise a roof-tree all his own.

Birth is but struggling breath,

Struggling from caves where night and chaos dwell,—

And death, the blessed death!

But flight and freedom from a dungeon cell.

The soul must cleave in twain,

And from itself dispart, itself to view;

Hearts blend in love,—but vain

The hope of love, unless they sever too.

And God has exiled men

Into dim outskirts of his realms of grace,

That thence with keener ken

Their eye may yearn in transport for His face.

All life that lives to thrive

Must sever from its birth-place, and its rest;

Bees from the swarming hive,

Foals from their dam, and eaglets from their nest.

So mused I not in pain,

Where the tall ship rode tilting o'er the sea,

Freighted across the main

With goodly acorns dropp'd from England's old oak-tree.

ENGLISH EMIGRATION.

TT

All life that lives to thrive,

Must sever'd from its root and birth-place be:

Swarms from the parent hive,

Birds from the nest, and saplings from the tree—

Sever'd from forest spray,

Sever'd from mother's breast, and childhood's home—
Yet, oh! not cast away,

Like sea-wrack tossing on the ocean foam.

Lo! with what art divine

God in the tiniest seed its food doth wrap—

Coil up its heart-strings fine,

And nerve them for its sterner stepdame's lap.

Oh! with what zeal repair

Heaven's sisterhood of love their part to do;

Sunshine, and dew, and air,

To nurse and cheer it in its cradle new.

E'en for the new-born lamb

Earth spreads her greenness, Spring his carol trills,
And musk-airs shed their balm,

And brooks leap singing from a thousand hills.

Think with what sheltering love—
Soft-falling footsteps—prayers that smil'd and wept—
Thy parents hung above
Thy first faint breathings, as their nurseling slept.

Think, when thy school-boy foot
Clung to the threshold of thy father's hall,
What tears, what mercies mute,
What sobbing blessings on thy neck would fall.

Think how the Mighty God

Walk'd with His new-born man in Eden fair;

Nor, e'en beneath the rod,

Flung forth His exile to the world's rude air.

All living things that thrive,

Sever'd from home to scenes unknown must go,

Yet O! how love will strive

To nurse and bless them in that hour of woe.

So mused I, sad and lone,

As the tall bark was fading from my gaze,

Bearing to shores unknown—

Unloved unnurst, unblest—proud England's castaways.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XLV.

My joyful heart essays
A goodly theme to sing;
My tongue with dexterous penman's skill
Pays greeting to the King.

In form divinely fair,

Beyond all earthly race,

The hallowing unction from on high

Hath crown'd Thy lips with grace.

Gird Thy resistless sword,

Dread Warrior, on Thy thigh:

Then forward, for Thy high renown

And peerless majesty.

Ride on—success be Thine!

For meekness, truth and right,

Ride on—and dreadful things Thine arm

Shall teach Thee in its might.

Keen are the shafts that leap
From Thine unerring bow:
'Mid thickest hosts Thy conquering hand
Shall smite each rebel foe.

Thy throne, Eternal God,
Abides unmoved for aye;
On Truth and Justice firmly rests
The Sceptre of Thy sway.

Because Thy soul unstain'd,

All taint of guile abhorr'd,

The gladdening stream o'erflow'd Thine head,

Anointed of the Lord!

From halls of ivory fair

Thy perfumed robes they bring,

Imbued with cassia, gums and myrrh,

Meet for a Bridegroom King.

Kings' daughters round Thy throne,
A glittering band, were seen,
In gold of Ophir at thy side,
All radiant stood the Queen!

My words, fair daughter, hear,
My counsel ponder o'er:

Let home and kindred in thy heart

Retain their place no more.

With ravish'd heart the King
Thy beauty shall survey,
Thy Sovereign Consort and thy Lord,
To Him meet homage pay.

Tyre's daughter at thy feet

Shall spread her gorgeous store;

Earth's wealthiest tribes on bended knee

Shall sue Thee and adore.

Daughter of Royal line,

She comes in splendours drest,

But rich with inward grace, more fair

Than gems or broider'd vest,

Led by her virgin band,
With joy and bridal state,
To meet her Spouse:—the gladsome throng
Pours through the Palace gate.

Fathers are thine no more;

But in their stead shall spring,

A countless seed, a royal race,

For every land a King.

Let this triumphal song,

Through everlasting days,

Proclaim Thy glories and renew

Thy people's ceaseless praise.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Around thy base, O wondrous Eddystone,

Fierce for their prey the tiger-billows roar;

A wilder cry they raise, a drearier moan,

Than e'er on Biscay or the Hebrid shore.

Yet stands the tapering pile, whose kindly spark

Gleams safety to the midnight labouring bark;

Steady and calm, as thy diviner Light,

My Mother! shines aloft in a still wilder night.

It stands! for deeply twined amid the rock

The strong foundations root their iron base;

And joints and bars in mighty union mock

The force that would their close-knit love displace.

Bars lock'd with bars, story on story bound

To the bright lantern, from the rocky ground.

O work of loving wisdom! from the sea

How many a storm-toss'd soul sees Peace and Life in thee!

My Mother Church! even so thy base is spread
Upon the Rock of Christ; even so thy towers,
Knit in unbroken strength, uplift their head
Heavenward, even in these distant days of ours.
Thy sons, dim mirroring their Master's light,
Shine o'er the world's wild sea all calmly bright,
E'en as the moon, whose dark and craggy face
Smiles o'er the summer night with mild and borrow'd grace.

Alas! for many a year that guiding fire

Hath been with sacred works but scantly fed;

Vainly the world's wild eyes have sought the spire

That wont of old so hallow'd light to shed.

Still stood the giant towers, the base, the bars,
All that the Present neither made, nor mars;
So dimly forth the living Radiance stream'd,
A Spectre of the Past that ancient Pharos seem'd.

Are we the Lantern now? we? dim, and pale,

And sin-scarr'd as we are? O! thought of fear!

Tortured by Conscience, Faith doth well-nigh fail

To feel the roaring world so fierce, so near!

Father of spirits! with Thy Light Divine

Do Thou on our dark souls sustaining shine!

Thine is the heavenly spark, the heat, the flame,

The very Tower of Strength is Thy Almighty Name!

Then cheer'd and cheering in the strength of God,
Pile we the glowing heap of saintly fire!
Prayer, Alms, and Fasting be the turfy sod
To feed, by night and day, the living spire!
He little knows who shines: the sherd of glass
Lies dim and darkling in the hill-side grass,

Yet o'er the vale it shineth as a star:—

Pile on! from Heaven the spark, and breath that
fans it, are.

Great God of Light and Truth! from land to land
Speed Thou Thy guiding beam of grace and life!
By the far ray be either Ocean spann'd,
Caught be the beacon-fire from cliff to cliff:
Till in the radiance of thy Light Divine,
Brethren of every clime and colour shine;
And o'er the world, by Christian millions fed,
Thy Guide to heaven and peace, the Saving Gleam
be shed!

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES:

SUGGESTED BY THE THIRD JUBILEE OF THE S.P.G.

What? when we pour the mighty shout
Of Jubilee from pole to pole,
To give one wretched traitorous doubt
A lodgment in thy English soul?

The joy that fills each brother's breast

Peals o'er the broad Atlantic tide:

The East comes forth to kiss the West:

The globe is spann'd from side to side.

And wilt thou,—on a day like this,—

Be fill'd with aught but rapture high?

Bright foretaste of that better bliss

Too long delay'd beneath the sky,

When Peace, and Love, and saintly Mirth,

The portion of mankind shall be;

And Truth shall cover all the earth,

As waters fill the hollow sea?

Not so! be far from thee the ways

Of those whom Love might mourn the more,

Could she but soften blame with praise,

And less their heavy sin abhor:

The men who spake a thousand things
Of Unity, and Patience, then:
The blessing which submission brings,
The bliss in store for quiet men.

Themselves the first to cast aside

That Patience,—and to preach Despair!

Slaves of a poor and paltry pride,

Who once were men of peace and prayer.

Teachers of—Oh, they know not what!

A vile invention of their own:

Their vows despised—their faith forgot—
Their flocks left on the waste alone.

While they—less happy than they seem—
With words, like very swords, are fain
To rend the robe without a seam—
Aye, human hearts to rend in twain!

Rise from your graves, ye shrouded dead!

Wake up—and let us hear ye say

The stern strong things ye would have said

Did you but walk the earth to-day.

Tell us if e'er in ancient time

Ye heard it said, as we do now,

That every soul in every clime

Beneath the yoke of Rome should bow:—

That Bishops, who can trace their line

Backward for thrice five hundred years,—

And gifts and graces all Divine,

Should challenge doubts and foster fears:—

That ritual old and order high

Are ground for captious cold complaints:

And Oh, to hear you make reply—

Apostles! Martyrs! Heroes! Saints!

Ye, too,—I would we had you back,

If 'twere but for a single year,

Ye holy men, who found "no lack,"

Although ye "gather'd" only here.

Oh that your gallant glorious band

The progress of the fray could trace,

And that yourselves could take your stand

With those weak brothers face to face.

Wise Hooker, and grave Pearson thou!

And Bull, who wields a sword-like pen;

And Butler, with the thoughtful brow;

And martyr'd Laud, and tuneful Ken;

Leighton, whose very name is praise;

And Andrewes, meekest, holiest one;

And Taylor, with his wealth of phrase;

And English-hearted Sanderson.

For ye were men to live and die

For that dear Church ye found at home;

To fight her battles, and to cry

With dying lips—"No peace with Rome!"

Friends—kinsmen—brothers—in the fray,
But ye prepared like rocks to stand!
The night is passing fast away—
The dawn is very nigh at hand—

But till it breaks o'er rock and hill

The Angels' eyes are fix'd on you:

'Twere treason to be standing still

While so much work remains to do.

Then up! and quit you all like men—
Forget the things you leave behind;
Look upward and look onward—then
Give tears and terror to the wind.

Yea—though ye hear the heavy tramp
Of armies like the knell of Fate;
Though craven hearts are in the camp,
Though foes are battering at the gate,

What matter? know ye not that He—
Through darksome night and morning dim—
Is with us—will for ever be!
And none can fail who fight for Him?

And oh, misguided men! 'tis time

Ye too should cast this dream aside;

Repentance still may cover crime,

While Pity's gate stands open wide.

Return, like sad repenting sons,

To claim the love ye shared of old;

Be but the over-anxious ones

Whom Zeal made once o'er-leap the fold.

And in your Mother's sweet love find

The only cure for every care;

Your hopes the sport of every wind,

Till once more anchor'd firmly there!

THE LOST CHILD.

I.

As when in sleep the mother deems

She holds her dead child in her bosom,

And feels a waxen hand, and dreams

She sees again her perish'd blossom;—

II.

And dearer, sweeter seems to her

That image wan than any other;

So should the thought within thee stir,

Of thy lost children, Island mother!

III.

No voice of dreams—it haunts thy soul

Across the blue Pacific's water—

Above the wild Atlantic's roll—

From many an exiled son and daughter.

IV.

No vision'd forms, they wander there

Beneath old woods' primeval shadows;

Through coral-girded islands fair,

By frozen rocks, and sun-burnt meadows—

V.

Thy living dead, for whom the spring
Is dried of spiritual being;
And every sacramental thing
That leads to the unseen All-seeing!

VI.

They hear no more when Sundays come,

The old bells swing in village towers;

A message from the angel's home

Unto this work-day world of ours.

VII.

No more they seek, in reverent haste,

Christ's wedding-feast within his palace;

Nor eat the precious bread, nor taste

The wine-drop in the sacred chalice.

VIII.

For them no calm chance words are said

By pastoral lips in love and meetness;

Like breathings from a violet bed,

That touch the common air with sweetness.

IX.

Therefore lift up thine arm this day—
Bid the Church meet them, Island mother;
Lest they forget her as they stray,
And falsely deem they find another.

THE EMIGRANT CHILD'S DREAM.

T

The dashing surge—the howling blast—
The heaving of th' Atlantic deep—
Had kept me long awake; at last
I sunk into a pleasant sleep.
I seem'd to be once more at school
In the dear Village far away:
The sky was bright,—the air was cool,—
A Sunday in the month of May!

II.

Nothing was alter'd: as of yore,

How well I seem'd to know it all!

The restless swinging of the door;—

The patch of sunshine on the wall;—

The hive-like hum that fill'd the air;—
The quiet clicking of the clock;—
And, sitting in his oaken chair,
The Shepherd of that simple flock.

III.

I stood before him,—one of eight,—
And heard his reverend voice begin
A grave discourse of Man's estate,
Of loving God, and hating Sin;
Of Sorrow, certain to befal
The heart that clings to Virtue's ways;
Life's choicest treasure, after all,
The mem'ry of a few bright days!

IV.

"But wait awhile. The Night departs:

The Pain and Grief will soon be o'er:

Learn but to fix your faithful hearts

Upon the bright eternal shore;

And when the Day-Star rises,—O

The smiles, the bliss in store for you;
Where Joys abound, undream'd below,
And Pleasures are for ever new!"

V.

I sigh'd,—I started,—I awoke:

The Sunshine and the School were gone:

The voice was hush'd which lately spoke,

And I was in the dark, alone.

O but it seem'd a heavier spite

To know the bliss of such a boon,

Than never to have seen the light

Which was to pass away so soon

VI.

With early dawn I went on deck:

The wind had lull'd,—the sky was fair:

And what was yesternight a speck

Which gemm'd the waters here and there,

Had grown into a wondrous sight!

Hills, grandly purpling into day;

And Woods, which girded with delight

The waters of a tranquil Bay!

VII.

The gale, that wafted faint perfume,—

The mist, that from the mountain curl'd,—

The bird, that soar'd on gorgeous plume,—

All told me of a new-found World!

I call'd to mind my last night's dream:

And pleasure, at the glad surprise,

So fill'd my cup, I felt the stream

Gush over at my grateful eyes.

HYMN FOR THE JUBILEE.

Sing we aloud to the Lord of Hosts
A joyous song of praise;
Sing, for the Lord hath triumphed,
As He did in elder days.

Not by a band of steel-clad men
With pennon, lance, and plume;
Not by the crash of the thundering gun,
Hath the foeman met his doom.

But a high-soul'd, earnest few went forth
To obey their Lord's behest,*
From the chilling gales of the icy North
To the burning East and West.

^{* &}quot;Go ye and teach all nations, &c."-Matt. xxviii. 19.

Far into many a heathen land
Where never Christian trod,
Their sole defence the shield of faith,
Their sword the word of God.

Right to the heart of idol fanes

They won their conquering way,

And the people, freed from Error's night,

Now live in Truth's bright day.

But oh! not yet is their labour o'er,

Not yet is the victory won,

Not yet may we cease to pray for them,

At rise and set of sun;

Not yet may they lay their armour by,
Or of peace or slumber dream,
Till from earth's furthest bounds they cry
That Jesus reigns supreme;

Till every tongue confess his name,
And own him God alone;
Till every knee bow humbly down
Before Jehovah's throne.

Sing then aloud your song of praise,
Glory to God belongs!

Sing, and those far-off lands shall raise

An echo to your songs.

Soon shall all nations hear his fame,

All languages adore,

Jehovah's praise and Jesu's name

Shall sound the wide world o'er.

But oh! not vot is their labour o'er

ASCRIPTION TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

GLORY be to God the Father!

Praise Him, each created thing;
Stars of morning, shout together;

Sons of earth, rejoice and sing.

Glory to the Lamb who saved us!

God and Man, Incarnate Word!

Praise Him for the blood that laved us;

Sons of Adam, praise the Lord.

Glory to the Holy Spirit!

Source of comfort, life, and light!

Sons, adopted to inherit

Glory, praise Him in the height.

Glory to the God of heaven,—
To the Father, to the Son,
To the Holy Ghost be given,
One in Three, and Three in One.



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